

# AMERICA

A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

VOL. XLI, No. 19  
WHOLE No. 1038

August 17, 1929

PRICE 10 CENTS  
\$4.00 A YEAR

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—The tariff bill being prepared by the Republican majority of the Senate Finance Committee continued to engage the attention of the President. After

### Executive Activities

a visit to him, Senator Smoot announced that if a sliding scale for sugar is put in it, Mr. Hoover will sign it.—Controversy still raged over the President's action in stopping work on the plans for three of the five cruisers authorized last year. Leaders of both parties attacked the President, while progressives defended him.—After having set up machinery to support wheat-growing cooperatives and to market the crop, the Farm Board turned its attention next to the fruit-growers of Florida, who suffered severely from the Mediterranean fruit-fly, and from government measures taken to extirpate this pest. Meanwhile an alarming situation developed in wheat. Encouraged by rumors of high prices, due to the Canadian shortage, farmers rushed all available wheat to the market and there was a resultant serious drop in the price in Chicago. The Farm Board issued a warning to the farmers not to release their wheat, for otherwise a glut would be caused and prices would break disastrously. Incidents such as these caused observers to believe that the Farm

Board would have difficulties in their announced plans for reduction of crops and control of the markets.—The Law Enforcement Investigation Committee announced the division of its work. There will be eleven sub-committees considering: causes of crime; statistics of crime and criminal justice; police; prosecution; courts; penal institutions, probation and parole; juvenile delinquency; criminal justice and the foreign born; lawlessness by government enforcement officers; cost of crime; and Prohibition. Chairman Wickersham will be chairman of the sub-committee on Prohibition. The other members are Newton D. Baker, a "wet"; William S. Kenyon, a "dry"; and Miss Comstock, who has no public record on the subject.

A State primary election with national implications was held in Virginia on August 6. John G. Pollard, candidate of the Democratic "machine," received three times the vote of his opponents, G. W. Mapp and Rosewell Page. All three of the candidates supported Governor Smith last year, but a whispering campaign on the religious issue was waged against Mr. Pollard, a Protestant, in the country districts. He will be opposed in November by the Republican nominee, Dr. W. M. Brown, who was also endorsed by Bishop Cannon's Anti-Smith Democrats. Thus for the first time in many years the primary in Virginia lost its significance which was transferred to the election.

In the first of a syndicated series of articles appearing in many papers with the *New York Times* at their head, Mrs. Mabel W. Willebrandt made the startling statement that her famous speech at Springfield, O., during the campaign, was given in response to two urgent telegrams from national headquarters and "carefully edited" by James Francis Burke, a Catholic, and counsel of the Republican National Committee. The second of these charges was denied three days later by Mr. Burke, who said that her manuscript did not contain the offending words. The first charge remained unanswered.

**Argentina.**—The failure of Argentina and Brazil to ratify the Kellogg anti-war pact was causing much discussion in the country. Argentina and Brazil, it was pointed out, are the only two "civilized countries" which have not subscribed to the treaty. Brazil, according to an editorial in the newspaper *La Nacion*, gives as her reason for not ratifying the Kellogg pact, the fact that the Brazilian Constitution itself contains peace declarations simi-

Kellogg Pact  
Not Ratified

lar to those in the Kellogg agreement. The same is not true of Argentina, and press comments seemed to indicate that public sentiment was beginning to feel that Argentina's refusal to sign the peace document constituted a lack of consideration for the fifty-one other nations which have already adhered to it. As far as was known, no official movement was under way at present in the direction of ratifying the pact. The Senate was occupied with the time-killing political question of settling on the requisite credentials to be offered by newly elected senators. This problem has been settled and it was expected that the Congress would soon give some definite word one way or the other as to its mind on the question of the peace terms contained in the Kellogg proposals.

**Chile.**—The Tacna-Arica settlement was definitely ratified at the Moneda Palace in Santiago recently when the final articles of the treaty were signed by the Chilean and Peruvian Ambassadors. Following the settling of this frontier problem, the text of a complementary protocol between Chile and Peru was issued. The main purpose of the protocol seems to be to block Bolivia in her desire to regain an outlet to the Pacific, by providing that no part of the territory covered in the general treaty may be ceded to a third Power. This protocol is declared to be an integral part of the treaty and will be ratified by the two countries as soon as possible. The protocol explicitly states that international railways may not be built in the Tacna-Arica area without previous mutual agreement on the part of Peru and Chile. Unofficial spokesmen in Chile, including the newspapers, were quick to deny the charge made by Foreign Secretary Elio, of Bolivia, that the protocol was aimed at any particular country; but the vigorous protests on the part of the Bolivian press indicated that the people of Bolivia were incensed at the terms of the protocol. It was assailed as "illegal," designed to offer protection to "new disturbing elements," and calculated to destroy harmony and peace in South America.

**China.**—Press censorship made it difficult to get very accurate information as to the status of the Sino-Russian dispute. There were both reports and denials of conferences at Manchuli between representatives of the two Governments, but nothing official was forthcoming. It was understood, however, that pressure was being brought to effect a settlement without interference from any outside Powers. Rumors continued as to numbers of troops being massed by both nations on their borderland, but they had no confirmation. Associated Press dispatches from Moscow listed as the Soviet's conditions for a settlement of the dispute: (1) The liberation of the Soviet workers and Civil Service men held in Manchuria; (2) The appointment by the Soviet of both manager and assistant manager of the disputed railroad; (3) A conference to be called immediately for negotiating questions arising out of the conflict. The Chinese, on the other hand, were insisting on the following provisions: (1) The Chinese and Soviet Governments shall appoint rep-

resentatives to call a conference on the Chinese Eastern Railway; (2) The existing status of the railway shall be acknowledged as temporary, subject to regulation by a conference on the basis of the Peking-Mukden agreement; (3) The arrested Soviet citizens shall be freed but deported to Russia; (4) The arrested Chinese citizens in Russia shall also be freed.

**Colombia.**—False news of alleged Communistic activities and numerous recent acts of violence caused considerable concern to the Government and people. The Reds were said to have clashed with the police and seized private property, especially the railroads, and a general movement of considerable proportions was alleged. More than 1,000 Communists in the department of Tolima were reported to have been perpetrating all kinds of criminal acts, killing those who opposed them, and ruthlessly destroying property. The Government was said to have dispatched troops to the more dangerous areas. The Director of National Police, General Juan Arbez, after a study of the situation in the banana zone in Santa Marta, was quoted as saying that laborers who took part in the strike last year were under the influence of agitators who were threatening vengeance against the army. He said that it was reported to him that the United Fruit Company was considering selling its properties there and establishing itself only in Central America, a report that was denied by the company's officers in the United States. This was an open attempt to destroy Colombia's credit.

**Czechoslovakia.**—In the trial of Professor Vojtech Tuka, the Slovakian autonomist, the prosecution suffered a severe reverse when, on August 1, Anton Mras, an alleged spy and a star witness for the Government, declared that his previous confession involving Tuka had been wrung from him by threats of violence. Because of this "insolent slander of officials" Mras was handed over to the military authorities for court-martial. On his way back to prison, fearing secret punishment, he attempted suicide.—It was reported in Prague that a Communist Mayor and 600 sympathizers in the town of Bronjava, attacked a large band of orthodox pilgrims in the nearby mountains and that before the arrival of the gendarmerie, there were many casualties on both sides.

**Egypt.**—A treaty of deep significance was drafted with Great Britain after a fortnight's conference between Mr. Henderson and Prime Minister Mahmoud. The principal article stipulates that, "military occupation of Egypt by the forces of his Britannic Majesty is terminated," though the banks of the Suez Canal remain under British military control and the conditions which surrounded the promised withdrawal made it clear that, for a year or two at least, there will be no important changes in the present status. This fact was emphasized by the appointment of Sir Percy Loraine, former Minister to Athens, to succeed Lord Lloyd as High Commissioner, an office abolished

Tacna-Arica  
Protocol

Communist  
Uprisings

Tuka  
Trial

Russian  
Quarrel

Treaty



by the present pact. Ratification was expected to meet with difficulty from the Egyptian Nationalists, who regard the banks of the Suez as entirely Egyptian, while the Tories of Westminster opened the attack. Lord Brentford, the "Jix" of yesterday, backed by the *Post*, the *Express* and the *Telegraph*, foresaw the surrender of Egypt and the betrayal of the Empire. More trustworthy observers looked for trouble in the clause which seeks to abolish the capitulations rights of other nations.

**France.**—A private letter of Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, to the president of the DRAC, was intercepted, photographed, and its contents disclosed by a speaker in the Chamber of Deputies on July 20, before M. Jacques Péricard, to whom it was addressed, was aware of its existence. The following day it was published in facsimile in the *Action Française*, with editorial comment which grossly misconstrued its meaning and purpose. Thereupon His Eminence made a vigorous public protest, appealing to the sense of honor of the French people against this flagrant violation of his rights. The letter in question was a remonstrance against the part taken by a group of DRAC members in the demonstration staged by veterans on June 23 (AMERICA, July 6), who opposed the ratification of the debt agreements. The Cardinal pointed out that the DRAC (League for the Defense of the Rights of Religious Veterans) was religious in its purpose—the protection of the individual liberties and the civil rights of Religious who had fought for France in the World War—that it was radically different from all other veterans' associations, was subject to ecclesiastical discipline, and should not have participated in a movement which was purely secular and political. "Had the protest," the Cardinal declared later, "been in favor of the ratification of the debts, I should have deemed it no less reprehensible, and I should have said so. Such matters may concern the members of the DRAC individually, but they must remain entirely outside the province of the League as such."

**Great Britain.**—After two weeks, the situation in the Lancashire mill strike was growing more serious with only vague prospects of an immediate settlement. It was reported that the operators were willing to negotiate on the basis of a five per cent reduction, leaving the weavers with an average wage of roughly six dollars and a half a week, but the workers refused to consider any cut. Lord Derby and Sir Edwin Forsythe Stocton were mentioned as possible arbitrators.

**Ireland.**—According to available records and reports, the present summer has seen the greatest tourist influx into Ireland that has ever taken place. Greatly responsible for this were the Centenary Emancipation celebrations in Dublin and in the other larger centers. Assisting, also, were the religious revivals held at old monastic establishments, such as that on the Rock of Cashel and,

later, that among the ruins of Mellifont Abbey, the first Cistercian foundation in Ireland, founded in the twelfth century and destroyed in the time of Henry VIII. Among the secular events that drew large crowds of visitors was the Dublin Horse Show, which opened on August 6. This annual exhibition, which has always attracted visitors to Dublin, this year drew an extraordinary attendance. Since an American team took part in the competitions for the first time, an exceptionally large number of American tourists, many of them distinguished, paid visits to the island. Travel agencies and hotel owners tried to stimulate the tourist trade by vigorous publicity, and efforts were made to bring the Irish hotels up to the best English and Continental standards. Steamship companies, likewise, interested themselves in the development of the Cork and Galway harbors. Galway, in particular, was seriously considered as the ideal landing place for American visitors on their way to Europe. An indication of the increased traffic this summer was the report that during the first half of July of the current year, 2,845 passengers landed at Cobh, whereas, during the same period last year, the total was about 800.

The final stages of the construction of the Shannon Electrification Scheme were begun on July 22, when President Cosgrave opened the sluices diverting the waters of the Shannon from their original course into the seven-mile canal that forms the head-race. Several weeks before this event, the report of the collapse of the embankment along the canal was declared grossly exaggerated. Water continued to be introduced by easy stages so that thorough tests of the embankments might be made. According to our correspondent, "at present there is more ground for optimism in regard to the Shannon scheme than there was a few years ago when it was in its initial stage. Publicity and education in the matter of the uses to which electricity may be put, are dislodging the lethargic attitudes that the farmers had towards it." The scheme is expected to be put into operation early in 1930.

**Jugoslavia.**—It was announced that all preparations had been made for the signing of the Concordat with the Holy See immediately after the vacation. The delegation representing the Vatican will be headed by his Excellency Archbishop Pellegrinetti, Papal Nuncio. Dr. Markovic, Minister of the Exterior, will act for the Jugoslavian Government. The Concordat will be based on the old Serbian agreement of 1914, modified by the fact that the new composite State is nearly half Catholic. Since the corrupt parliamentary system was abolished last January, the progress of the Church has been marked, especially in Croatia, where Archbishop Bauer of Zagreb is organizing the Catholic Movement, and recently the Orthodox Church joined hands with her in petitioning the King for the defeat of the anti-religious school bill.

**Peru.**—Augusto B. Leguia was re-elected President of Peru in the elections held on August 4 and 5. President

Leguia was returned for a five-year term beginning October 12. On the same day the new Congress, chosen in the general election, will be inaugurated. President Leguia was unopposed in his candidacy and the polling was conducted quietly and without much political excitement.

#### Leguia Re-elected

**Rumania.**—A strike in the Lupeni mines, in Transylvania, became serious on August 6 when Government troops fired upon the miners, killing some twenty-eight and wounding a number of others. The area has always been noted for the unruliness of its workers, made up of groups of various nationalities. The particular incident that occasioned the Government onslaught on the miners seems to have been that the strikers went in a body to the power station controlling the pumps and ordered the men there to quit work, jeopardizing some 200 of their co-workers who were still underground. Though the strikers thus ultimately provoked the attack by the Government troops, it was generally considered that there was some justification for the strike, and that the miners had reason to complain of the conditions under which they were working and the failure of the officials to heed their protests. On August 7, M. Joanitescu, President of the Chamber of Deputies, was reported as stating that the real cause of the strike and of the shooting tragedy lay in the extreme poverty of the underpaid miners, adding that possibly Hungarian propagandists were involved. The Social Democrats, who supported the Government at the last elections, demanded a full investigation of the affair. It was generally understood in the national capital that the Liberal members among the directors of the mines were pleased that the action of the militia should have embarrassed the Government.

**Sweden.**—At Malmö, on August 1, landed 900 descendants of Swedish colonists deported to Russia in 1787. Fiscal burdens laid on the peasants by the Bolshevik Government, and anti-religious campaigns made it intolerable for them to remain in their adopted homeland on the river Dniester, in the Ukraine. Their return to Sweden was arranged by Pastor Hoas, who greeted them at their arrival. A magnificent and touching welcome was extended by the Swedish people and royal family.

**Reparations Question.**—Some 200 statesmen from ten different countries arrived at The Hague for the opening of the international conference on reparations and the acceptance of the Young plan. The delegations were headed as follows: Great Britain, Foreign Minister Henderson; Germany, Foreign Minister Stresemann; France, Premier Briand; Italy, Senator Masconi; Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, Foreign Ministers Zaleski, Mironesco, Benes, and Marinkovitch, respectively; Belgium, Finance Minister Francqui. Canada and New Zealand were represented by Peter C. Larkin and Sir James Parr, respectively. Edwin C. Wilson, first

secretary of the American Embassy in Paris, arrived as American observer.

The following main topics were expected to engage the attention of the conference: (1) England's demand for a change in the allotments of German payments as determined in the Young plan; (2) Germany's insistence on Allied evacuation as the price of her acceptance of the plan; (3) Germany's refusal to agree to the French demand for a permanent international commission of control to ensure demilitarization of the Rhineland. The location of the proposed international bank of acceptances would also create discussion, the French and Germans objecting to London. Sharp clashes occurred at once over the chairman, and a rotation plan was adopted.

The conference opened on August 6 with a vigorous attack by Philip Snowden, representing the British Labor Government, on the Young plan. Mr. Snowden's main objections were as follows: (1) the provisions for the allocation of Germany's conditional and unconditional payments; (2) the changes made by the Young plan in the (1920) Spa conference percentages dividing up the reparations payments, by which Great Britain would have received twenty-two per cent; (3) the provisions for the continuation of German payments in kind for ten years more. Mr. Snowden brought up again the \$1,000,000,000 which Great Britain has paid to the United States over and above what she has received from her debtors, the sum which Sir Josiah Stamp had renounced.

Replying, for France on August 7 to Mr. Snowden's speech, Henri Chéron, French Minister of Finance, insisted that the Young plan must be taken as a whole, without reservations, if it was to be taken at all. He also urged that France had cut her own share in reparations in half (\$3,360,000,000 to \$1,680,000,000). Her five-sixths share in the unconditional payments went towards her War damages. Belgium and Italy also wished acceptance without reservations. British objection to the division of the amounts was seconded by Rumania, Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece and Portugal. Japan accepted the plan, but with reservations to be considered by the finance sub-committee. Germany's placing of evacuation as her condition was said to be favored by Great Britain.

#### Main Topics

#### Snowden Attack

#### Replies to Snowden

Myles Connolly, who has been absent too long from the columns of AMERICA, will return next week with a piece which he calls "The Ugadaga." This new-found beast, or rather microbe, has enabled him to love, or at least to laugh at, his enemies, and he will share the secret freely.

Father Denges' account of the Second Spring in Norway will continue with the harbingers that preceded the break-up of the winter.

Irving T. McDonald, who appears this week with a light story of an old friend of his, will invade the literature section with a timely query on "A Point in Literary Ethics."



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SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1929

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

WILFRID PARSONS

Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY  
JOHN LAFARGE

FRANCIS X. TALBOT  
CHARLES I. DOYLE

Associate Editors

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN  
JAMES A. GREELEY

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00  
Canada, \$4.50 - - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:

Publication Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. U. S. A.

Telephone: Medallion 3082

Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts

### Mrs. Willebrandt Explains

MRS. WILLEBRANDT'S explanation of her famous speech in Springfield, Ohio, when she appealed to the Evangelical churches to organize against Governor Smith, is not altogether satisfying. Indeed, judging by her first article, published in the New York Times on August 5, it does not seem to satisfy Mrs. Willebrandt herself.

Her protestations that she has many dear Catholic friends, that one of these dear Catholics approved her speech before it was made, and that she has no prejudice against the Catholic Church, are almost pitifully futile. As an intelligent woman she seems to have realized that, under the circumstances, the appeal which she finally made at Springfield was really an appeal to that degraded spirit in this country which discriminates against a candidate because of his religious creed. Its chief effect would necessarily be to organize not voters but bigots.

Mrs. Willebrandt did not wish to go to Springfield, and she went reluctantly. "The simple truth is," she writes, "that over my own written protest I was urged by the Republican National Campaign Committee to make that speech." Why, then, feeling as she did, was the speech ever made? The explanation is not particularly creditable to Mrs. Willebrandt. It is on exactly the same footing as the explanation made by a Kleagle of the Klan who said that he disliked dealing with persons of that class, but needed their votes.

Discreditable as it is to Mrs. Willebrandt, the explanation will prove even more discreditable to the Republican party. The position of the campaign managers, and of the candidate himself, with reference to the Springfield outbreak has always been evasive. Dr. Work hastened to point out that Mrs. Willebrandt was a "free lance," so free indeed, that the party could not always assume responsibility for her. At the same time, he was careful not to disclaim her activities, just as he, the Republican candidate, and every Republican leader, carefully refrained during the entire campaign from uttering one

word which could possibly alienate the support of the Klan, and of anti-Catholic bigotry in general. Mrs. Willebrandt now refuses to remain silent. She writes that she has documentary evidence to prove that she made her speech simply because Mr. Hoover's advisers insisted that she make it, and that she did not make it until it had been revised and approved by the Republican campaign managers. Political machinations in this country have dropped at various times to extreme depths. But we cannot recall one that ever sought this degradation.

If Mrs. Willebrandt finds it difficult to explain satisfactorily why she consented to make a speech of this description, the Republican campaign managers will find it impossible to explain why they demanded that she make it. For one thing, at least, we can thank Mrs. Willebrandt. With the authority of one in the inner circle she tells us that the Republican managers did not hesitate to appeal for votes on "evangelical grounds" during the campaign. Thus does she put the responsibility squarely where it belongs—with the men who struck hands with bigotry to make Mr. Hoover President.

### Inelastic Law

THE riots in the penitentiaries of New York, and in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, have once more stirred up the old question of the ineffectiveness of our police, the stupidity of our legislatures, and the inadequacy of our penal code.

In New York, discussion has centered on the famous Baumes laws. It is unfair, certainly, to charge the recent riots on the operation of this legislation. Senator Baumes may rightly complain when responsibility is laid at his doors, since fewer than 150 criminals have been convicted under the acts which bear his name. But with this granted, the Baumes legislation is not removed from the field of adverse criticism.

Many students will agree with Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, for years an intelligent student of penology, when he says that he opposes this legislation "because it is too inelastic and does not give the individual cases enough attention." Since no discretion is left to judge or jury in fourth-conviction cases, life sentence becomes mandatory. Hence, in some instances juries technically flout the law by refusing to convict. Should this action become common, the effect on the community will not be good. It will have another "law" which all agree to disobey. On the other hand, a life sentence for a fourth offender may be outrageously unjust.

If we are not in error, the highest courts of the State upheld the Baumes legislation not on constitutional grounds, but on the ground that judges and juries had become too lax. Hence, a corrective was needed. The layman may think that the proper corrective was a bench imbued with the spirit of justice, and officials capable of circumventing dishonorable lawyers appearing for the defense.

No doubt, a punishment which, abstracting from conditions peculiar to a community, would be excessively severe, can be justified. Generally speaking, however,

drastic punishment is a singularly ineffective method of preserving peace and good order. A penalty in keeping with the gravity of the offense, inflicted quickly and certainly, is immeasurably better.

But when all is said and done, much of this discussion of the relation of statute law to good order is as vain as the crackling of thorns under the pot. One school which teaches the child to love God above all and his neighbor as himself, is worth infinitely more to any community than fifty legislatures grinding out statutes for the terror of the prospective criminal and the torture of the prisoner.

### Stirring Up Trouble in Mexico

THAT was a deplorable exhibition of bad taste and bad feeling given by Ernest Gruening and Frank Tannenbaum in their speeches on Mexico at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown on August 3. Of all the useless and harmful things that could be done, the worst was to attempt to decide whether the Church or the State "won" in the recent settlement, as if it were a sporting event. Dr. Gruening, moreover, once more attempted to justify the anti-religious laws with the old wolf-and-the-lamb charge that the Church had sinned first; as if two wrongs make a right, anyway. He also spoke of the settlement as a "truce," and implied that the Church was only waiting a favorable opportunity to break it. It is to be regretted that the Institute, which is really too important a thing for such propaganda, had no one present to set forth the other side.

But there is a sinister aspect to all this. Mexico is face to face with a serious economic crisis. The sheriff is at the door, if not the wolf as well. There will probably be an unfavorable trade balance next year, and the bottom will drop out of the bonds. Very radical labor legislation is pending once more, and may pass, thus paralyzing any attempt to make Mexico produce. An uncertain political election is coming in November. Mr. Morrow cannot afford, for the sake of his own reputation, to suffer much more temporizing. G. Butler Sherwell had proved most of this on August 2 at Williamstown.

Was Dr. Gruening's attack the answer to Mr. Sherwell's recital? Was he pointing the way out to Portes Gil? It would not be the first time that the smoke screen of religious strife had been thrown up to cover Mexico's international troubles. Are they hoping to work the old game again? Do they expect to hamstring our Government in any measures which may have to be taken? Is the Church to be once again subjected to such harassing oppression that it will be goaded to resist? The recent expulsion of Archbishop Orozco lends color to the suggestion. The wholesale charges which were made against him in the American press, especially in the South and West, and on which the Mexican press was wholly silent, give rise to the suspicion that the propaganda machine is functioning once again.

If this is the game that is to be played, its perpetrators are due to be disappointed. The Church is not going to

break the "truce." It made an honest agreement with the Government, and it has the sincerest confidence that the agreement will be kept, and that it will lead to a tolerable mode of living for itself. It does not look for plain sailing, for powerful groups are against it. But it does expect to be able to exercise its spiritual ministry among the souls of Mexicans, and it is safe to say that it will suffer in silence many trials, even indignities, for the sake of performing its allotted duties. And it will expect the world at large to respect its good faith.

### The Rush to the City

THE shifting of the population from the rural districts to the city is one of the most significant social and economic facts of the times. For more than a century, the population of this country was predominantly rural. Beginning about 1910, the emigration from the farm began so that the census of 1920 showed for the first time in our history a slight preponderance of city dwellers. There is every reason to believe that the movement has not ceased within the present decade, and it has been estimated that the coming census will show a striking decrease in the rural population.

Obviously, this change brings with it serious problems, both for the deserted countryside, and for the cities which receive the emigrants. Religion, the schools, and the professions, are all affected.

It is much more difficult to provide religious care for half-a-dozen small communities, than for one parish whose members may far outnumber the total population of the country churches. As a rule, our Bishops have been able to make provision, more or less adequate, for the rural districts, by attaching missions and stations to the parish in the nearest city. Should the population in these districts decrease, however, the problem will become more difficult. The number of Catholics in any given neighborhood will be too small to support even a mission, and yet the total number of Catholics in a dozen given districts, left without regular pastoral care, may be considerable. Protestant leaders have reported that a very large number of rural communities are "without normal facilities for religious worship," and they fear that within a few years it will become even more difficult to secure competent men for the country pulpits.

Even less encouraging is the outlook for the country school and for suitable medical care for the rural population. The Bureau of Education has recently reported almost intolerable conditions in country elementary and high schools. The graduates of our highly specialized normal schools and teachers' colleges turn to the cities, and refuse to abide by the Ichabod Crane school economy of the countryside. Hence, many of these schools are in the hands of teachers whose competence is in inverse ratio to their good will. The schools seem to revolve in a vicious circle. Until they improve, they cannot secure the better type of teacher, and until they secure him, they cannot improve.

Finally, Dr. William Allen Pusey, former President of the American Medical Association, has shown that the



small towns are losing their physicians. Taking twenty towns of a population of 1,000 or less in forty-seven States, Dr. Pusey found that in 1914, 940 had resident physicians. By 1925, 310 of these towns had no physician, and "the isolated rural districts have, of course, suffered even more." Only slightly more than one per cent of the physicians graduated during the last decade have gone into rural service. As the average age of the physicians in the towns studied is fifty-two years, Dr. Pusey concludes that within another decade, the country districts will have no physicians at all, since the average age at the death of physicians is sixty-two years.

The only way to hold the farmer to the fields is to give him something to hold to. Emigration will never be checked by glowing pictures of the joys of life on the farm, for the practical farmer long ago learned that in this age the joys are few and the burdens many. A real contribution to the solution of this difficult problem has been made by those educational authorities, in both the public and the Catholic-school field, who have devised ways and means of building rural schools. Cooperative schemes, or any schemes which can reduce the farmer's excessive labor and increase his attenuated income, are sorely needed. Perhaps the new Farm Board, now engaged in heavy thought, may provide a few workable schemes.

### The Federal Kiss of Death.

ONE, lorn city dwellers know as little of joint-stock land banks as they do of the hum of the bee and the blush of the clover. Bees sting, they think, and occasionally compete with the Sugar Trust. Clover induces hay fever. That ends the matter. "Joint-stock land banks" is merely a title hard to pronounce trippingly on the tongue after a visit to one's favorite bootlegger. That ends another chapter.

Once more is city ignorance thus displayed. The joint-stock land banks are privately-owned institutions chartered by the Federal Government. There are fifty-two of them. Thousands of stockholders have contributed \$41,745,000 for capital stock, and \$1,587,000 as paid-in surplus. Bonds of these institutions valued at \$586,000,000 have been purchased by the public.

These figures are impressive, yet the banks are not prosperous. In the last two years the value of their securities has decreased by \$115,000,000. The loans are fewer. Three of the institutions are in the hands of receivers. But all three have more employees now than in the days of their prosperity.

This account reads like a puzzle, but the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* furnishes the key. These institutions are all suffering from the Federal Government's kiss of death.

Should the president of one of these banks, relates the *Journal*, "decide to fire one office boy and hire another," the reverberation of the process shakes the dome of the Capitol, and causes Mr. Andrew Mellon to look up inquiringly.

The president must first reach for the fired office boy's

"Personal History and Service Record, Form No. 1361," and enter on it the fact of dismissal. This he transmits to the Hon. Chester Morrill, secretary and general counsel of the Federal Farm Loan Board. Should the Hon. Chester disapprove, the office boy must be recalled. Should he, after proper consideration, approve, a new form for the new boy must be obtained. "On the typewriter, or in ink, preferably on the typewriter," the solemn history of the new boy is inscribed. Questions dealing "particularly with respect to training and previous experience" must be answered, for this information enables the secretary and general counsel "to pass more intelligently upon the question of compensation to be paid the new employee." The boy fills out the card. The president reads it, and adds his own impressions; also his estimate of what the boy's services are worth.

He then reaches for a large envelope, reinforced with cardboard, for the record must not be folded. All this is forwarded to Mr. Morrill, who once more takes counsel and decides that the boy is worth his wage.

Or he does not.

If he does not, the boy gets no wage.

Either the bank president will have to hunt up a new boy, and go through the agony of Form No. 1361 once more, or the boy will be obliged to accept the wage fixed by Mr. Morrill. Or he, or the president of the bank, or both, may appeal.

It is all very formal, as befits this great and glorious Government, which has more laws, and more red tape, and more crime, and fewer hangmen's nooses, than any other great and glorious Government in the world.

But after all this explanation, two points remain to be considered.

The joint-stock land bank must be an inherently healthy institution. After repeated death kisses, only three out of fifty-two have been destroyed, and in less than two years the securities have fallen in value only about twenty per cent.

The next point to be considered is this: What would remain of our schools after a year or two of Federal "care"?

### The Inclusive School

IT was the Dormouse, or possibly the Griffin, who assured Alice that, unless it included washing, no school could be considered satisfactory. Some years have elapsed since we read Oxford's most famous classic; but the point, whoever made it, is good.

An institution may be genuinely solicitous for the health and intellectual progress of the pupil. It may supply tested milk, and bread of a kind to satisfy even that demanding critic, Alfred McCann. Its faculty may be composed of men and women who have brought with them books, all red and black, from Oxford.

But if that institution, be it grammar school or university, does not include solicitude for the pupil's religious and moral welfare, it is not a good school. We commend this view to those Catholic parents who forget that their children have immortal souls as well as perishable bodies.

# These Empty Heads

G. K. CHESTERTON

(Copyright, 1929)

THERE was a wonderful article of the Modernist sort some little time ago in an evening paper. It was called "These Empty Pews Can Be Filled"; and I was tempted to write a reply to all such critics entitled "These Empty Heads Can Be Filled." For what they call emancipation is in its nature nothing but emptiness.

It was in this case entirely negative; it concerned itself with telling the modern preacher what not to preach. The young clergyman of our day had, it would seem, a flaming career of glory and popularity before him if he would vigorously set himself to the work of not preaching the doctrines he had undertaken to preach. So long as he remained boldly and vigorously silent about such things, he would find the reward of his energy in a vast popularity; and all the empty pews would be filled.

Before going any further, may I pause to express my mystification about this rather popular theory of popularity? There seems to be an underlying assumption, in nearly all such articles, that if a man preaches vague and inoffensive sermons, he will thereby induce people to go to church. Why, I ask myself with every effort for humility and self-examination, why in the name of wonder?

I have been all sorts of human and heathen things in my youth; a Theist, a Pantheist, practically an Agnostic; a great part of the time what was excellently defined as a Blue-dome, or one who, when asked where he goes to church, says he prefers to worship under the blue dome of heaven.

Should I have been kept away from the blue dome of my temple by the information that somebody somewhere was preaching an inoffensive sermon? I fancy not.

If I wanted to play a game or go for a walk, or merely lie in bed and read a detective story, should I have been deterred from this healthful course by the knowledge that two miles away the Rev. M. A. Spiffin was avoiding the subject of God or of doctrines with which I did not agree? Not much.

Would I have got up early in the morning to go to church, merely because a good kind clergyman could be trusted to omit anything that was in any way orthodox? What do you think?

I stayed away from church, as I imagine most of the jolly people nowadays do stay away from church, because I wanted to do something else or very much wanted to do nothing; not because I was afraid of being insulted in the holy edifice by the mention of the Incarnation or the Trinity. I did not want to hear dull heterodox sermons any more than dull orthodox sermons; and one has only to read about a hundred of these Modernist newspaper articles to realize how dull heterodoxy can be.

I cannot conceive why anybody should suppose that merely making sermons and services creedless and color-

less would necessarily make them popular. Still less can I understand why all this fog and formlessness should be supposed to eclipse the attractions of a summer day or a good game of golf.

There are, indeed, some clever men who are good preachers and also what we call Broad Churchmen; so there are some who are High Churchmen and some who are Catholics. But I cannot see why the mere fact of taking the negative view of some interesting question like the Incarnation or immortality should necessarily make a man interesting. And the proposal of such critics as the one I am here criticizing is always a general or universal proposal.

It concerns all preachers, not the best. He does not tell everybody in London to go and listen to Dean Inge, so that St. Paul's Cathedral may be crowded. He distinctly tells all the clergymen to drop all the definite and intelligible doctrines, so that all their churches shall be crowded. He thinks that the average sermon of the average curate will be so brilliantly lit up and brightened by the absence of any particular Christian beliefs, that this alone will be enough to make us rush in our hundreds to hang on his words. It is his whole point that *all* the empty pews, in *all* the empty churches, can be filled with religious people, so long as the sermons can be emptied of religion.

The curate sometimes had his weaknesses, I admit, when he was preaching about ideas that were rather too big for him; I cannot imagine that he would be very much stronger if he had nothing to preach about. But, anyhow, I would not get up in the morning or walk a mile for the sake of the nothing he had to preach. I would amuse myself in my own way; and that is what was, and still is, the real temptation keeping me away from church.

The pews are too empty, not because the theological system is not empty enough, but because the world is very full; and full of all sorts of things which it is quite natural to prefer to doing one's duty. But people cannot be expected to give up these things in favor of their duty, even for half an hour, if their duty is not rationally explained to them and connected with some sort of philosophy or theory of life.

It is not because the modern Protestant parson gives them such a theory, but because he does not, that they naturally do not put themselves out for him.

For it is true of this article, as of practically all such articles, that the moment it passes from the negative to the positive, and launches out at large to declare what ought to be preached, as distinct from what ought not to be preached, it becomes hopelessly vapid and vague.

So long as the writer deals with the doctrines he dislikes, he can be almost as definite as the doctrines; though his definition of them is rather extraordinary. He has a



marvellous passage in which he says that the Modern Mind (our rather ancient friend) cannot accept "the chemical theory that substances change from one to another"; apparently supposing that Transubstantiation means that anything may turn into anything at any minute, and for any reason or none.

There is a still more mysterious passage in which the Modern Mind, which is always rejecting and refusing things, energetically refuses "the astronomical theory of a fixed earth and solid heaven," as if *that* was a Christian doctrine which nobody had dared to dispute until the rise of Modernism.

The idea seems to be that we Catholics have a separate and special system of physical science, in which everything works the opposite way at every moment; a system of hydraulics according to which water always flows uphill, a system of gravitation by which stones always fly away from the earth, a system of anatomy and surgery by which cutting off a man's head always gives him a new lease of life; and that we dread and detest Modern Science because it has just begun to contradict these sweeping scientific generalizations.

There is no space here to begin at the beginning and explain to such critics what we really do say about the natural and the supernatural and the laws of nature; what we mean by a miracle or why we consider it perfectly consistent with a general rule of physical order. The only point of this curious passage, which concerns my purpose here, is that when the writer speaks of our doctrines he describes them definitely, though he describes them wrong. But when he describes his own doctrines, he is quite indescribably indefinite.

It is impossible to form any notion of what the New Parson really is going to talk about, so that these empty pews may be filled. There are a certain number of perfectly normal and even commonplace moral sentiments, known to everybody in or out of church; and beyond that there is a sort of bland and beaming blank. There are certainly no ideas that a healthy human being could not think of for himself, while taking a walk under the Blue Dome and resolutely refusing to go to church at all. And that is presumably one of the real reasons why these pews are empty; because it is just as easy to think about such obvious ideas on a moorland path as in a pew.

I do not by any means despise or dismiss such floating notions of natural religion; they can be both valid and encouraging; but if these alone were preached from the pulpit, it does not follow that these would fill the pew. To say they are sufficient is not really a way of filling the pew, but rather a reason for not building the pew. It is rather a reason for not building the churches; and indeed for not founding the Church.

That brings us back to the big and basic question as it confronted Agrippa or Constantine; but the nuisance of these criticisms is that they do not treat it as a big and basic question, but as a sort of patronizing proposal to patch up something of which they assume both the importance and the imperfection.

Instead of beginning at the beginning, and asking whether we shall lay the foundation stone of a church,

they begin at the end and ask what we shall do with an empty pew. They suggest that it may be filled by ignoring all that was written on the foundation stone; but this claim is not only illogical, but presents no real promise of being practical.

The common sense of the question, is, after all, the same as that of any number of practical questions. Men will not go to a hatter's that does not sell hats or an alehouse that does not sell ale; any institution must offer something other than that which the ordinary person can provide for himself; and the long and short of it is that men will not go to church unless there is something there which they cannot find anywhere else.

## The Duke of Tin Pan Alley

IRVING T. McDONALD

IT was past noon, but the Duke hadn't breakfasted yet. I had been sent to his hotel to rouse him, and to be as sarcastic as I chose in reminding him that rehearsal had been called for eleven, that the troupe was waiting for him, that the show was to open Monday (it would be one of those bleak break-in dates, like Red Bank, or Torrington, no doubt) and who in the profane vocabulary did he think he was, anyway?

He stepped out of the elevator with an air something less than jaunty, for sprightliness was outmoded in his make-up. But the easy unconcern and the half-amused look with which he gave me greeting testified to the importance he attached to openings in general. He was humorously aware of the absurdity which prompts producers to emphasize the date of opening over the quality of the performance. The show would open. He knew that. Maybe it would be, in the words of a certain hoofer, "most lamentable"; but that was largely up to the audience. If they warmed up, they'd get a show. If they didn't—well, we'd be open, anyhow. And that, after all, seemed to be the point, didn't it?

At the Duke's request we stopped at a little flower shop that stood, in those days, on the uptown edge of Times Square, where he purchased a *boutonnière* for himself, and a small bouquet whose purpose puzzled me, and which consumed the rest of his dollar. Then straight back to the hotel he led me, and permitted me to observe the grace with which he pressed the posies on the cow-eyed telephone girl, who thanked him with a simper.

"She's been very good to me—handles all my calls," he explained with an air, as we walked out again and sought a restaurant. (I had to buy his breakfast. And the flowers, I learned later, had been tossed into a wastebasket as soon as our backs had turned.)

He made no apology for his tardiness at rehearsal, and greeted the hostile glares with debonnaire insouciance. Straightway laying his hat, cane, and the gloves with the frayed finger-tips, on top of the piano, he began to vamp the opening number. He was that wise. Having no defense, he waived discussion of his sin, confident that new dissensions, not involving him, would doubtless develop during rehearsal, and that these, being fresher, would erase the memory of his own defection.

In effect, he was right, and with the irregular logic by which such matters are settled, the controversy that did arise eventuated in a demand for a new song. We must have a Hawaiian number, it was decreed, and that meant, of course, that the Duke would have to write one. Passive, he endured the ensuing conference and smoked a cigarette with a far-away look in his eyes while rough fingers fabricated a lyric that rhymed "moon" with "gloom" and expected applause for it.

After dinner we walked uptown to the Duke's apartment. (Yes, he had one, somewhere in the Sixties, which was his regular abode, the hotel being obviously a splurge while he worked for a producer by whom he hoped to be kept temporarily in funds.) We hadn't reached Columbus Circle when, from a languid stroller, he changed without notice into a quick-stepping person in a fever to get some place. His concentration was further marked by the sudden failure of his conversation, which had been otiose and charming.

His mood persisted until we had reached his address and climbed to his tiny, disordered rooms. He snapped on the light and making straight for the piano, began and played through in its entirety a song of seductive enchantment whose witchery held us in silence until he had finished. Then he turned and said, quite simply.

"That's it. That'll do for the Hawaiian number."

And it did, unchanged by so much as a single note. He sat there, then, and permitted those gloom-lagoon, love-dove, true-blue rhymes to be fitted to it.

There's another song, too, that I think of now, a popular ballad of a score of years ago. You'd know it if I told you the name, or hummed the first three bars. What a success it was, wistful and plaintive! Berlin's most sentimental is no more universal a hit than it was. Well, the Duke wrote that one, too. Nobody knows that, though, because he sold it for—was it five or fifteen dollars? I think five. And another man's name went on the title sheet. Such things are old stories to the necrologists of Tin Pan Alley.

So far, I have told little of the Duke that could not be predicated of a dozen other characters who spend their lives on the precarious fringe between Songland and Show Business. But he was more than these. I began to suspect it one day when he was missed, and wanted, and none knew where to find him; none but myself, that is, for he had told me where he'd be, and asked me to meet him there. We had rehearsed late the night before, and he had gone on working over an orchestration long after we had left. So when I heard they wanted him I went to get him where he said he'd be. And there he was, without fail, in a corner of the music room of the Public Library, his poor tired head with its touseled, thin grey hair, bent over a Debussy score, while he slept, sweetly in that companionship I do not doubt.

At last we left town to open. It turned out to be Torrington, Conn., and of the queer-looking aggregation we made as we tramped into the town, what with a rope-spinning Lilliputian, a Spanish acrobat and an ex-school-master among our other curiosities, I shall not speak; nor of the stage manager's disappointment that we were not

trained animals as he had fully expected us to be; and he had prepared our accommodations accordingly.

We shared a room together for those nights, the Duke and myself. Tired and depressed, for Torrington audiences were not particularly impressed with our talents, we would part from the others after a bite in some smoky ham-and-eggery, and take ourselves to our lodgings. Then the Duke would sit on the edge of the bed for hours, as it seems now in retrospect, and speak yearningly of nights in a distant land where the magic of temple bells hung and drifted like fragrance in the evening airs. And gazing far-eyed out across the moonlight he would tell, in soft mysterious tones, little fairy tales out of the Japanese. Then it was I knew he had been designed for something he had not become.

One night as he sat there he began to tell a little fairy story he had made up himself, all about a little old fairy tinker, who went about mending the broken hearts of men. He would never tell me the end of that one, nor would he consent to offer it for publication.

"That's mine!" he declared jealously. "And nobody's going to get it. I'm keeping it for myself."

There were some in the troupe who thought he was either a hop-head or a snow-bird. (It is unnecessary, in these days of an expertly exploited underworld, to define these terms as opium-smoker and cocaine-addict, respectively.) His chronic pallor and frequent dreamy lapses lent substance to the whispers. If he knew, he didn't mind, but preserved an indifference to opinion rare among men. Indeed, I might have suspected that it amused him a little to encourage an odd opinion of himself in others. There was the time, for instance, when with the simplicity of a child he repaired his outworn trousers with bright pink thread in a conspicuous place, and wore them publicly for several days. And then there was the town we played where Amateur Night was held. (Yes, that was the kind of towns we played.) The Duke went on as an amateur, and with whimsical wilfulness, exerted himself to make the audience dislike him; and he chuckled with content when his success became signal.

Of his genius, it is significant to note, his detractors thought nothing. Poor mental incompetents, they could draw no conclusion when they saw him, and I saw him too, standing at a shelf set in a thin wall just beyond which an orchestra blared its way through the show, while over his head scenes were shifted noisily, singers screamed and buck-dancers slapped the boards; and he, oblivious of it all, and with no instrument at hand to touch for reassurance, worked hour after hour, weaving his melodies into intricate orchestration. The job, he had been told, must be finished by the next noon, and as it was not done when the theater closed that night, he toted his ink and manuscript to the hotel with him. When I turned in he was bending over the table, writing away as steadily as if it were some simple prose he was recording. I awoke next day to see him straightening his back, a little stiffly, after closing the final staff.

That's about all there is. Excepting that I get to wondering, sometimes, exactly what it was that happened to him. Not since I saw him last, that's not what I mean;



although it's a good dozen years, and I could bear to know that answer, too. But what I chiefly wonder about is what happened in the first place. He was undoubtedly born to be a genius, a poet and a musician. There had been lit in him a spark of the Divine fire. What prevented it?

The world is richer, for his life, by but a few deciduous tunes. Some abortion has deprived mankind, unto the race's earthly end, of a gift of true music, a special harmony wherewith to give glory to God. Somewhere, a

singer lacks a song, and a violin is mute that might have trembled with the raptures of his own unending soul. Great armies might have routed freedom's foes to martial melodies that he had found, and returning from the field, heard praiseful paeans created by his muse. Surplined choirs might have chanted, through centuries yet unbegun, some tonal triumph he had dreamed, and let their voices rise and fall in cadences of his unique design.

He might have made a lullaby to soothe a babe to sleep, and been the author of a troubled mother's peace.

## Romeward Tendencies in Norway

Q. BENEDICT DENGES, C.S.S.R.

### I. The Winter Begins

**L**AST year the eyes of the literary world converged upon Norway, and in particular upon Mrs. Sigrid Undset, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1928. During the five years that have elapsed since this foremost Scandinavian novelist entered the Catholic Church, events of unusual significance have occurred in the Land of St. Olaf, focusing the minds of thousands of Norwegians, perhaps as never before, upon that hallowed Church which bore the honors of nearly a thousand years upon it when Trondhjem's magnificent Cathedral was but rising upon the ruins of the pagan temple of Nidaros.

To cite but one such happening, there is the trial held last year at Kristiansand from January 10 to 18, which was mentioned at the time in *AMERICA*. In this remarkable trial, Father Celestine Riesterer, a Catholic priest, emerged victor in the suit brought against him by the notorious anti-Catholic lecturer, Mrs. Martha Steinsvik, for his criticism of her "untruthful" statements about the Church in general and the "immorality and laxity" of Catholic moralists in particular, especially of the "prince of moralists," St. Alphonsus de Liguori. The eight-day discussion, carried to every corner of the land by press and radio, instituted a comparison between Catholic theologians, doctrines, and practices versus Lutheran divines, principles, and teachings. To say the least, the result was somewhat humiliating for the Lutheran side. Judgment was finally given: Father Riesterer was acquitted from the main bulk of Mrs. Steinsvik's charges, while the latter was obliged to pay the priest an indemnity of 500 kroner and the State an equal amount for the cost of the trial.

This otherwise seemingly unimportant affair takes on no small significance when we consider that Norway—where Catholics numbered last year scarcely 2,650 in a total population of 2,650,000—is officially Lutheran, and that judge and jury, press and audience were overwhelmingly non-Catholic. "Epochal" was the adjective employed by more than one writer to describe the decision handed down in the little courtroom of Kristiansand—a decision since then upheld in the higher courts to which Mrs. Steinsvik subsequently appealed. One prominent journalist did not hesitate to declare: "More such legal

actions between Lutherans and Catholics, and we shall see an alarming apostasy from the Lutheran Church."

There is no denying that commanding personalities—for instance, Mgr. Kjelstrup, the "convert-maker"; Lars Eskeland, the master teacher of Norwegian youth; Mrs. Undset, whose literary merits are not questioned—are exerting some influence, however hidden, upon the trend of religious thought in Norway. As it would be foolish to delude ourselves into imagining that there is in progress, or even in remote preparation, a sort of landslide movement towards the Church of Rome, so on the other hand we would be but blind observers if we failed to detect the great wave of religious uneasiness that is sweeping across Norway today.

What is this present unsteadiness? Is it the incipient stage of a motion that may eventually head Romeward? Or will it, perhaps, take the direction of pure rationalism? Time has custody of that secret. We know that when the Leviathan is tugged out of dock, it moves almost imperceptibly at first. The perspective of years alone can decide whether Norway, like some giant ocean liner, is now preparing to slip from her perilous Lutheran moorings to find the safe harbor of that Faith which once was hers and which still remains identified with the name and succession of Peter.

Before the breakdown of Christian unity in Europe in the sixteenth century, Norway was a fair garden of the Church in the Northland. At the time of the great cataclysm, erroneously referred to as "the Reformation," the sheep of Christ's flock were shepherded by the Archbishop of Trondhjem and his several suffragan Bishops. Distributed over the length and breadth of the land were some thirty monasteries and more than a thousand endowed churches, solid proofs of the deep roots that the Faith had taken in that northern soil. The center of the religious and national life was the grand old Cathedral of Trondhjem. Here in a precious shrine were preserved the bones of King Olaf, Norway's patron Saint; here too each new king became the Lord's Anointed, receiving the crown of royalty from the hands of the Archbishop. The Catholic Church, that unique creation of God's power and wisdom, stood in the pride of place in Norway; it was flesh and bone of king and nobles, of rich and poor up and down the whole land; it energized through myriad channels of influence and power; it was

the basis of Norwegian civil institutions; by its wide relations with the rest of Europe it linked the country with Christendom; it was the mightiest force for good, for internal peace and prosperity; it constituted a bulwark against further encroachments upon the country's sovereignty.

But it was Heaven's inscrutable counsel to permit the Catholic Church to be utterly destroyed, root and branch, in this Catholic land. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the King of Denmark wore the crown of Norway also. During the reign of Christian II (1513-1523), storm-clouds could be seen gathering. This tyrannical king turned the nobles against him by undue favoritism to the lower classes, and by his undisguised attempts to open a path for the Lutheran heresy, estranged from his cause the clergy and his loyal Catholic subjects. As early as 1519 the suppression of monasteries began. Deposed for tyranny, he was succeeded on the dual throne of Denmark and Norway by his uncle, Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein (1523-1533), who, faithless to the promise made at his election to suppress Lutheranism, supported the new doctrine and forced it upon his people. It was left to Frederick's son, Christian III, to complete the inglorious work of his predecessors. One of the chief concerns of the new monarch was to bring Norway more fully under control and impose Lutheranism upon the country. For this enormous task he found two mighty levers—violence and fraud—and to these he joined the full force of arms. Thanks to his armies, by the year 1537 he was undisputed master of Norway. Archbishop Olaf of Trondhjem and the other Bishops, who were powerless to stem the tide of heresy and had tried in vain to establish Norwegian independence, were imprisoned or exiled; and this, and worse was the lot of all who offered resistance to the new regime.

We have no intention of relating in detail the harrowing circumstances under which the Lutheran teachings were forced upon an unwilling people. The sacrileges and profanations, the plunder and destruction of churches and monasteries, the greed of nobles for sordid gain, and all the rest, form a story too sad to bear rehearsal here. The majority of the people, deprived of leaders and scarcely grasping the true nature of the change, were shamefully deceived. The Superintendents, mere creatures of the State, placed in the old Catholic Sees, wore the miter and bore the crozier; the ministers of the "pure Gospel," dressed in Catholic vestments, imitated *externally* the well-known Catholic ceremonies. And saddest of all, there was no one to cry out the note of warning: "Beware of these false prophets who come to you in the clothing of sheep, for inwardly they are ravening wolves!" As in England, so too in Norway, to blot out Catholicism, to make the old religion a memory of the past, required much intrigue, much labor, much expense, much time. For many a decade the heart of the nation was still Catholic. As priests were forbidden to enter the land under penalty of death, the oil in the lamp, receiving no replenishment, was in time used up; and then the flickering, sputtering flame went out.

We may fittingly close this chapter of the story with

an episode that is at once typical of the period and symbolic and suggestive of something vast. In 1537 Christian III sent his emissaries to Trondhjem's glorious Cathedral. Sacrilegious hands plied iconoclastic axe and hammer with vigor, leaving the interior of Norway's first and finest edifice a crying wilderness of ruin and destruction. Nor did the most sacred relic in all the land escape profanation. The soldiers broke open St. Olaf's shrine, threw his bones into some unknown corner to prevent their further veneration, and together with the other booty, carried the precious reliquary back to Copenhagen, where it was despoiled of its jewels and melted down to fill the depleted treasury of an unscrupulous king. Well might have Norway's outraged patron Saint appeared, and like another Jeremias, sitting among the broken fragments of former grandeur, exclaimed in plaintive grief: "O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!"

It was not Trondhjem's ancient and glorious pile alone that was devastated, desolated, destroyed; it was all that was symbolized in that grand old Cathedral—it was Norway's fondest memories, her honor, her prestige, her religious heritage, her national glory; it was all that was nearest and dearest to the hearts of Norwegians; it was Norway herself. That desecration was the handwriting on the wall; and it needed no Daniel to interpret the message. From that year until 1814, Norway, although retaining the *name* of a kingdom, was merely a Danish province, under Danish officials, subject at times to outrageous plunderings. Its liberty-loving people were left to the mercy of landed proprietors who, once so jealous of their independence, became the puppets of foreign rulers. With the destruction of the Old Faith and its institutions was associated the loss of national sovereignty. As of old, the glory of the Lord went up from the midst of the Holy City, and the land became desolate, without honor among the nations.

The work of destruction was finished. A winter, cold, bleak, and dreary—a calm, a silence, a kind of peace—set in and seemed to settle permanently over all the land. But in the wise decrees of God, the Winter was not destined to last forever. Norway was to have her Second Spring; once more she was to behold the Sun of Justice arise, and health in His wings (Mal. iv, 2).

#### TO THE UNIVERSE

What do you want of me? Why am I here?

The pathway of the earth is thick with dust

The stars have loosened year on endless year.

The earth is strong. Like muscles, mountains thrust

Their rugged crags beyond the clouds and hold

The glaciers on their backs; the summer sky

Can lash with thongs of lightning; oceans fold

The fury of their waves upon the high

Resounding cliffs. Were I to leave the place

Assigned to me, what matter? Who would espeak

Of loss? At times I gaze upon the face

Of earth and wonder why my hands are weak.

And yet I am a part of this, the whole;

And who can weigh the value of the soul?

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT.



## The Heresy of Modernity

G. C. HESELTINE

IT is a mistake to think of modernism as a mere theological heresy. To do so is to fall into the morass of common current errors arising from the misuse or the too exclusive use of words. Nothing is more fatal to clear thinking. Consider, for example, the widespread use of the word *love* to cover the word *lust*, until any other notion of love is forgotten. The word *liquor*, too, is used almost exclusively to mean beer, wine or spirits, and never water. The man who has a sound and reasoned objection to decent drink, as many men may have, does not need the implied opprobrium in the cheap trick of calling beer "liquor," any more than the man who is reasonable on the subject needs to employ the lie of using the word *temperance* when he really means "prohibition" or intemperance in restriction.

That misuse of words indicates at once bigotry and prejudice based on muddled thinking or the refusal to think. The man who calls himself a "Rationalist" when he merely means that he has a prejudice against religion, and usually against mental discipline too, thereby utters the arrogant and obvious lie that he, in contrast with the rest of mankind, uses his reason. That in itself is a most unreasonable thing to do. Unfortunately as if to prove that the world takes a man at his own valuation, the rest of us come to restrict the word to the anti-religionists, tacitly admitting that they are exclusively rational.

The whole question of the misuse of words and the undue restriction of words is a symptom, since words are the vehicle of thought, of the misuse and restriction of thought. The truly modern man, the real modernist, is too busy being successful to think.

That is why we make the serious mistake of regarding the heresy of modernism as confined to the sphere of theology, whereas it is rampant in almost every department of human activity. It is the apotheosis of the modern thing, the modern idea, the modern manner, not even for its own sake, but solely because it is modern. The only test of quality, of virtue, known to the complete modernist is the test of tense. The present, today is better in every way, because the modern is hypnotized by the jingle of the out-moded Monsieur Coué, and believes that every day in every way we get better and better.

It is, in fact, a curious mark of the modernist that he cannot even be really modern. He thinks he is being modern when he carries on with the failures of the immediate past. Couéism, which is another aspect or offspring of the modern chaos of misconception about evolution, is a case in point. What is commonly referred to, with the usual misuse and restriction of words, as "Evolution" is another. The modernist heresy is largely the outcome of the misunderstanding of Evolution since the time of Darwin, who would have ridiculed any such perversion of his ideas. It may be summed up in the belief that some strange fetish called "Progress" ensures that the present is always superior to the past. It was expressed typically by Tennyson in one of his most modern moments (modern for his own day) when he wrote:

... . Forward, forward let us range—  
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing  
grooves of change.

A more fatuous spectacle can hardly be imagined. A very modern poet, like Mr. Ezra Pound, might write just the same sort of meaningless metaphor of progress, except that being afflicted with the even more meaningless modern optimism, he would probably write "up" instead of "down." The whole idea of "us" ranging forward into some vast void whilst the rest of the world goes spinning down some sort of tramline or railroad track, is indeed very eloquently descriptive of much of the typically modern wooziness of our uplifters. It fitly describes the pious "yearning" for expansion of the spirit, the groping onward and upward, anyway outward, for something higher and better and purer and nobler, and presumably fatter and richer, certainly more free from superstition and independent of "hard-and-fast dogmas" and "outworn-creeds," "medieval mummery" and the rest.

The ringing grooves are a very apt symbol for the Determinism which is such a fundamental part of the modern notion of Progress and Evolution. Did not the modern young poet say of himself in the high moment of inspiration:

There was a young man who said, "Damn!  
At last I perceive that I am  
A creature that moves  
In predestinate grooves  
In fact, not a bus but a tram!"

We need no more proof of the blind belief in the improving effects of Time *per se*, inevitable and inescapable, than the use of "up-to-date" as the highest praise and "medieval" and "reactionary" as the worst insult to an intelligent man. The intelligent man, in modern parlance, must "move with the times," on the assumption, naturally, that "the times" always move in the right direction. "The times," like the king of old, can do no wrong. The dominant note of the age is the right note.

"Moving with the times" and "being in tune with the age" is what is called being in the fashion. Modernism may be best defined as the cult of the modern thing as modern. It is in the very essence of fashion that it changes, that it has no stability, that it is the superficial thing of the age, clearly distinguishable from the basic life of the age which has strong and visible links of tradition with all other ages, developing along traditional lines, independent of transitory fashions. Fashion is discontinuous, the result of whim and accident.

Modernists are the most unoriginal people in the world. They are doing the one thing that has been done repeatedly throughout history. If history teaches us anything at all, which modernism in effect denies, it is that the cult of the ephemeral is the most profitless. It is the most unoriginal and unintelligent. That which is most essentially modern in every department of human activity is that which is changing and leaving little or no trace.

It has always been the great mark of genius to be out of tune with the age, to scorn to be a modernist. The prophet is without honor in his own country, and his own

age. The modern man, the real, live, hustling progressive, has no use for musty creeds and the dead-weight of tradition and conventions. It is notorious that he never succeeds in being more than conventionally unconventional.

It is the crux of the modernist creed that it is the *dernier cri qui coute*. In the ultimate howl alone can we hear wisdom. "Those old ideas were all very well in their day, but we have progressed since then." That is the answer which can be and is given to any appeal to the past for a remedy for the ills of the present. If civilization is sick, it must go forward and be sicker—to seek a cure in a former state of health is "reactionary." Grave moral evils arising from the lack of moral standards may not be cured by the application of former moral standards, but by a blind optimism in future moral standards if any. However bad a modern condition may be, it is at least modern, and cannot be worse than any former condition. We are the latest and the best. We have nothing to learn from the past. Modernism demands a passionate faith in things as they are. We are the last word, we have reached the highest point in civilization so far. That is the peak of Pride.

#### NOSTALGIA

After you have gone,  
And the world is chill  
And pale stars seek the dawn  
Over the hill;  
When the wide valley of time,  
Where griefs abide,  
Is full of the wan surrender of eventide,  
  
And your swift adieu  
Linger and brood  
Over the dim, receding firelight of wood,  
So far, so lost to sound,  
So lost to view,  
That tears of burnished flame  
Can scarce show through:  
  
Then through dusk of gloom,  
From new fire-beam,  
Your dear face comes, to flit  
In the fading gleam—  
A teasing silhouette  
Like a restless bird,  
Flying softly, arriving  
On wings unstirred,  
Or on black-ember crag  
Poised flutteringly,  
Then whirled in ashen dust  
Too swift to see.  
  
But when from dawn-lit woods,  
Past lonely dark,  
There comes the morning glory  
Of singing lark,  
Then all lone things dissolve  
To phantasy . . . to naught . . .  
All brooding banished in song unsought—  
An undeserved strain  
From God's own blue;  
And beauty wakes again  
The joy of you!

CAROLYN RUTH DORAN.

#### Education

### What About the Little Fellows?

MARK O. SHRIVER

SELECT schools for small Catholic boys seem to me to be one feature that is sorely needed in the midst of our varied and far-flung Catholic educational activities.

What conditions may be elsewhere, I do not know, although I assume from many conversations that they are much the same as in my own neighborhood. I know that there, at least, special accommodations for small boys are woefully restricted, if not utterly non-existent. Of course there are parish schools (excellent schools they are, too), but most of them tremendously overcrowded. The Sisters in charge, or the Brothers, as the case may be, with classes from forty to sixty, and more, are often unable to give each child the attention and care which he should have. Little girls may be sent to any one of several convents, where classes are smaller, and the care given each child correspondingly greater, and boys of twelve and upwards can be and are well provided for. But the little fellows do not seem to have a chance.

Years gone by, some of the nearby convents took them. For some reason or another, all no doubt valid, the classes were abandoned, one after another. The oncoming crowd of youngsters is left in a hard position.

Now I happen to be especially interested in that crowd, not because like all other fathers, I was once one of them but because my young son is at the age when the question begins to be an intensely personal one. There was no provision for small boys in my day and generation either; no provision, that is, for the boy whose parents sought extra care, whose family wanted something special in an educational way, intensive training, for instance, and guided development. My early days were spent in private institutions. When sufficiently advanced I took up the work in the lowest class of a Jesuit preparatory school, "Second Rudiments," or "Third Grammar lower form," or some such name, it was called. Home training, Saturday and Sunday classes in catechism, and home instructions, supplied a great deal of what was needed in the religious way. But I (and there are thousands like me) prefer that my boy shall be trained under an educational direction that is wholeheartedly and entirely Catholic.

There are a score and more of the teaching Orders, but none of them have ever turned their hands to the type of school I should like to see prevalent everywhere, and especially in the locality in which I am most intimately concerned. No one who is familiar with existing conditions will deny that our parish schools are good schools, and that the secular education therein provided equals or excels that which may be had in other institutions, public or private, of the same type. But that is aside from the question, for no one will deny, either, that where classes are smaller, closer attention can be given to the progress of individual children. Each child then, is benefited, each advances more rapidly, and is better grounded in



fundamentals, than could possibly be the case in overcrowded class and recitation rooms, where the care that each has gotten has been of necessity general, and in no wise particular.

This is not offered in any way as a criticism of a system. It is a plain and simple statement of fact, unfortunate and regrettable, if you will, but which no one will be inclined to controvert who knows the existing conditions. Such education as is herein suggested may be expensive, at any rate as compared to the costs of the parish-school system. But parents who want specialized and particularized training for their children are generally able and willing to pay the excess freight.

It may be objected that such a grouping would develop class-consciousness and arouse social distinctions. But such objections are not leveled at the Georgetown Preparatory School, or at the Newman School, or at many others. God may, indeed, as the Declaration says, have created all men free and equal, but they did not long remain so. Distinction and differences of race and station in life, of nationality, of a thousand differing and varying phases and degrees creep in from the very moment of birth, they develop, intensifying with the passing of the years. Because we kneel, all of us, at the altar rail, or stand in line before the little red confessional in a perfect equality, is no reason why there should be no distinction, or why similar equality, if that word can be used, should be expected, in every relation of life. The idea of equality is all wrong. No question of equality enters into the thing at all. The question turns on providing educational advantages for those who seek them, above and beyond those provided under the free, or almost free, parish system.

That does not mean (and there is no implication) that my boy is better than the son of any other man, that he is "too good," as another clumsy phrase has it, to associate with the lad with whom he will some day serve Mass, or act as altar boy at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It does mean, and there is every good reason why it should mean, that his mother and I feel he should be trained and educated and developed with those boys with whom he will be thrown when he grows to manhood, in close and intimate companionship, and with whom we would prefer him to be associated as he grows.

Like other boys, he will have non-Catholic friends, and there are non-Catholic schools aplenty where the advantages of smaller classes and personal contacts between pupil and teacher may be had. But my boy is to have, I hope, if I live, and nothing happens, a Catholic training, and a Catholic education under Catholic auspices. Secular schools mean nothing to me where he is concerned. His religion will be a part of his nature and his being, and it will be driven home to him even as it was to me from the day when my father entered me, as a not so little fellow, in the lowest class at old Loyola.

Catholics should have, and they must have, a Catholic education in a Catholic school. Catholics who can do it, and wish to do it, should have the opportunity of providing that education in schools where the classes are not

too large and the pupils are not denied the benefits which come from frequent, daily recitations to insure their learning their lessons every day, and advancing slowly, perhaps, but surely through the entire course.

Under our law Catholic children must attend Catholic schools, and no real Catholic would wish to see his child placed in surroundings and circumstances where the faith of that child would be imperiled. Yet, safeguarding and preserving that faith by every possible means, it is but natural to wish that the secular education provided shall be nothing but the best, and no sufficient training can be imparted under the conditions which today confront the greater part of all elementary schools of the country, be they public or parish.

Why there are not such Catholic schools in every community amazes me. Surely there is a demand for them, and as time goes on, after the first of them is established, more and more Catholic parents will avail themselves of the facilities afforded. Any one of our teaching Orders could carry on such schools, successfully and well, and there is a fertile field waiting for the working. In the earliest of the school years, more than in any of the others, the personal touch is sorely needed, and it is only when the pupils are few that a teacher is given a real opportunity to teach. The opening mind of a child is easily muddled and confused. A word or two at the right moment could make everything clear, but it is only in smaller classes that there is opportunity to speak the needed word, when it is needed most.

It is not the part of the layman in matters educational to set out the things that shall be taught, nor when, nor how instruction shall be given. But the problem of how one particular small boy is to be educated is a keen and pressing one to me, and to thousands of other parents as well. Next year, or the year after, some decision must be reached. Perhaps by that time there will be a place such as has been suggested. Why there have not been many of them heretofore is and remains a mystery.

Sisters take the little girls and carry them on from the cradle. Whether the Brothers or the Sisters can best develop and control the little fellows standing on the threshold of the great ocean of knowledge may be a question. Both, perhaps, should turn a listening ear to the cry of the children, and to the cry of the parents. Let those little fellows who are to be the men of the future, come to them, and let there be laid a solid Catholic educational foundation that will endure for all time.

#### SHADOWS

I walked along the margin  
Of a quiet evening sea;  
Beneath its crystal surface  
My image walked with me.

The silence made me pensive,  
And my fancies feebly jarred  
As they groped about in spinning  
Faded patterns, dimly scarred.

I felt my spirit broken  
By these musty webs of grief,  
And my mirrored self was shaken  
By the falling of a leaf.

J. R. N. MAXWELL.

## Sociology

### The Parable of the Wicked Samaritan

JOEL PARKER

WHAT lately befell a man within my ken has brought the Good Samaritan to my mind a great many times in the course of the last three weeks. Let me tell of him and then I'll talk of the Succoring Samaritan.

In an evil day this man was stricken with pneumonia—and that in the midst of a hot spell. He was much above fifty and had been in bad health before. His was clearly such a case as called for the most skilful leech in the neighborhood. Such a one was found. He came none too soon. The man was near to death. For his weakness—as a stay to his heart—the leech had him take whiskey. A pint in every ten days was all that the law allowed him and, as it fell out, this was not nearly enough. He must have more, said the leech, else he was bound to die.

But the leech was forbidden by the law of Volstead to give more. Over and above that, the leech himself could not cheat the law, for his allotment was watched and could not be overdrawn. So the man waxed weaker, and his wife and children feared for his life. Whereupon they went about from door to door, seeking whiskey of their neighbors. The leech, too, begged of younger men of his calling that they lend from their greater store—for they had few sick in their keeping—that the man might be made well. Now when the neighbors learned of the need they went forth, each to his own bootlegger, and returned with much whiskey. This the man took, albeit the law forbade, and he was healed. The law was broken, but the patient made whole.

Now this man within my ken did not take pneumonia as a wile to get whiskey, though the Boards and Leagues would have it so. He is a good and sober man who likes the taste of whiskey as little as he likes the name of Volstead. He took the whiskey, even that which came from the bootleggers, that he might live and be a prop to his household. It was for that he broke the law and let others do likewise.

When I heard this tale my thoughts ran back to the Samaritan. Suppose, I said to myself (a highly intelligent auditor), this Samaritan could be translated simultaneously to the third decade of the twentieth century and to the United States, would he dare repeat the charity which he bestowed on the Jew whom the robbers had beaten and left for dead on the road to Jericho? Let us imagine (I continued) that, *ex hypothesi*, the Jew was bludgeoned and robbed on the pike from Baltimore to Washington—where prohibition agents are almost as many as bootleggers and high-jackers—would the Samaritan then and in that event risk the penalties of the Jones Act by using wine in giving first aid to the injured? For the Scriptures narrate that the Samaritan of the parable poured "oil and wine" in the wounds of the semi-conscious traveler. My judgment is that the Samaritan, if he had intoxicating beverages in his saddlebags—or in

his rumble—would follow the example of the priest and the levite. That course would exclude him from the parable, but it might equally keep him out of the bonds and fetters of prison.

A Samaritan—or any one else—who would attempt a similar work of mercy on the highways in these days of righteousness would incur the terrible Volsteadian vengeance. First of all, he would be guilty of unlawful possession of vinous liquor having an alcoholic content in excess of one-half of one per cent by volume. Secondly, he doubtless would be charged with illegal transportation of the same. If the Federal officer were worthy of his sponsors, he probably would accuse the Samaritan also of illicit sale of liquor for beverage purposes. Even further interesting probabilities present themselves. For instance, there is the likelihood of the Samaritan's being charged with resisting arrest, just as an explanation of the bullets in his body when he reached the hospital or the morgue. In any case the Samaritan, being a foreigner, would be made to serve as a fearsome warning that charity can neither cover nor condone sins against the commandments of Jones or Volstead. Thus would the priest and the levite, if they re-enacted their Biblical roles, be vindicated by the Eighteenth Amendment and the statutes which enforce it. That, in truth, is a most comfortable vindication.

This consideration of the parable of the Samaritan recalls the Miracle of Cana and Paul's suggestion to Timothy. I am willing to concede that the Prohibition Enforcement Bureau might, upon proper application, and under warrant of "a permit to manufacture" authorize the miraculous metamorphosis of water into wine. Indorsements from a Senator and a National Committeeman would, of course, expedite action by the Bureau, but they wouldn't be indispensable.

"Do not still drink water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy infirmities," St. Paul wrote to Timothy. Would that advice, if written here and now, violate the Volstead Act or the Jones Act? Personally, I don't believe the mere writing and mailing of such advice would constitute an indictable offense, provided no recipe were enclosed with the Epistle. As for Timothy, he would take the advice, that is, the wine, at his peril. But what other consequences would St. Paul assume in procuring or causing to be procured the use by Timothy of liquor containing more than one-half of one per cent—and that for beverage purposes and regardless of the condition of his stomach? In the first place, the Methodist Board of Temperance et cetera would, I feel certain, condemn St. Paul and caution Timothy. I can even vision an uproar of applause in the House of Representatives when the Methodist monition was read into the *Congressional Record*.

There is room for numberless additional speculations, but I turn to practical points. One of these is that Prohibition is the natural ally of pneumonia. The other is that St. Paul would find the Puritanism of the United States hardly more tolerant, though very much less consistent, than he found the Paganism of Rome. And, finally, where is this absurdity to end?



## With Scrip and Staff

IF there is anything that the Pilgrim has been hearing during the last few months, it is that Catholics cannot make themselves heard. All sorts of reasons are given for this. Nobody but Catholics read Catholic books; and only a few Catholics do that. Catholics cannot get articles into the secular magazines. Publishers turn down deserving Catholic authors. No one listens to Catholic speeches. If they talk on the radio, the dials are switched on them. How can we get a hearing; how cross the chasm of indifference, and so on? And after you have got down-hearted over this state of things, you feel grateful to Dr. William Lyon Phelps, who from his peaceful cottage in New Haven pens a message that none of us would dare conceive: "The Catholics—representing the Conservatives—are growing in power, numbers, influence, and outspokenness every day" (*August Scribner's*). God bless you, Dr. Phelps, whether we can believe it or not. It is as good as a vacation.

THE only sad part about it is that this growing vociferousness of Catholics, instead of being pleasing to Dr. Phelps, seems to give him anxiety. If it were just a question of making a lot of noise, we could sympathize and very likely agree. For even the best of men annoy when they excel in outspokenness. And there *are* some Catholics whose public influence may be no better than anyone else's, whatever private merits they may possess. But the trouble with the Catholics does not seem to be simply the sheer noise they make (would that a little more of it were heard around this silent grotto!) so much as that they are making a noise in the wrong cause; and that cause, in Dr. Phelps' words, is conservatism, which he loveth not, in contrast with liberalism, which is his predilection. Regretting the passing of the good old British Liberal party, he speculates:

Must we really be forced to choose between Tory and Socialist? It looks so. Now if I were an Englishman, I should share the political views of Gladstone, Morley, Campbell-Bannerman, Bryce, Lloyd George, Spender, and others; that is, I am a Liberal. And there is no Liberal party any more. Will there ever be again?

It may be in religion that the Protestant position will become analogous to that of the Liberal in politics; though surely not so weak in numbers and influence. But there is a real similarity. The Catholics—representing the Conservatives—are growing in power, numbers, influence, and outspokenness every day. Many religious people, shocked at the growth of atheism, are joining the Catholics. On the other hand, the atheists are becoming daily more vocal; very outspoken and assured. Well, I belong to those unafraid Christians who are neither Catholic nor radical. Necessarily, like the Liberals in politics, we cannot be so well organized as the extremists on both sides of us. What is our future?

Since Dr. Phelps is the last person in the world to begrudge other people their own way of feeling about things, who can tell him nay? Nevertheless, as Mr. Rouser used to remark about his city cousin who, on his occasional visits to the country, tiptoed about in perpetual fear of snakes: "You hate to see him grievin' hisself over what the good Lord didn't put there."

WHETHER Catholics, if compared to a political party, are to be more rightly termed Conservatives or Liberals, is a matter of names and taste. The Church is conservative in keeping through the ages the Faith once delivered to the saints. She is liberal, in that she seeks the good of all men, without discrimination or regard to any one nation or class; that her teaching is offered for acceptance to the intellect and free will of man, and not imposed by force or stratagem.

But to call the Church extremist, to place her—even remotely—in the class with the British Tories, is not that running wild? As far as names go, you could just as easily call the Church radical, since the Gospel, as preached by her, goes to the very roots of society, and aims at the entire transformation of the merely natural man and his works.

In the modern world, the Church is judged not so much by her abstract doctrines, as by her practical teaching as to daily social problems. Yet it is precisely in these that the Church follows a middle course between the reckless individualism of the Tory and the equally reckless warfare on individual rights of the Communist. Whatever Gladstone may have thought of Manning in matters theological, could the G. O. M. have branded the Cardinal as an "extreme Conservative" when the latter came out in 1889—against the Goliaths of British economic liberalism—for the rights of the London dock strikers?

WHERE the Church stands in facing the question of economic Toryism or conservatism is shown by the contest being waged by the Colorado Knights of Columbus for the beet-field workers of that State. It is true, the Knights taking up for this cause are growing in outspokenness every day. They are bringing the matter before Congress and, though they have no power but persuasion, they wish to make felt the influence of the facts. Their plea is based solidly on the teachings of that person whose functions are generally regarded as inclining to conservatism, the Pope, Pope Leo XIII, whose words are quoted:

If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice. . . .

To exercise pressure for the sake of gain, upon the indigent and destitute, and to make one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and Divine.

Speaking on May 27 at the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, at Denver, Mr. Thomas F. Mahony, Chairman of the Mexican Welfare Committee of the Colorado Knights, claimed that the labor contract, as signed by the beet workers, has no binding force, and therefore can do little to protect him. On the other hand, "the sugar companies have very special interest in securing this labor." He notes (capitals his):

Payment is made to the father for the work done by the entire family. Payment is not made to the children for the work done by them. Young children are not employed—DIRECTLY AT LEAST—by the sugar interests. The sugar interests—companies and growers—profit nevertheless greatly by the labor of the little children.

The beet laborer has no part or say whatever in the preparation or in the fixing of terms and compensation provided in the labor contract he signs.

As to child labor:

The report of the recent Colorado Agricultural College Survey of children working on farms in certain sections of northern Colorado shows, that "children young as six years worked in the beets" in the districts covered by this survey. That out of a group of 621 children ranging from six to fifteen years of age, the number of acres worked and the wages earned ranged from 1.50 acres and \$34.50 each in wages of the six-year-olds, 1.00 acre and \$23.00 in wages for the seven-year-olds, and up to 7.07 acres and \$162.61 for the fifteen-year-olds.

He points out the impending result of such treatment:

At this very moment, May 27, 1929, thousands of young children are in the beet fields in northern Colorado. They are out of school and have been out for weeks waiting for the seed to germinate. More than 5,000 Spanish-speaking children were out of school in violation of the school laws last year.

Because of bad conditions in Colorado, Michigan, Tennessee, North Carolina and some other southern States, the attention of the public has been centered on this child-labor situation more than in former years.

It should be remembered that the Child Labor Amendment is still before the country. Unless these abuses are remedied by the passage and enforcement of adequate [State] child-labor laws and the exploitation of child labor is stopped by the sugar and other interests, this Amendment may be adopted.

We opposed this Amendment a few years ago as did farmers and other interests because we did not want any more Federal interferences in State affairs; but unless these abuses are stopped, unless we clean house ourselves, it will be done for us whether we like it or not.

Against the plea of the "conservative" growers for child labor and miserable living quarters as a necessity, the report quotes the experience of the "progressive growers"; and the now-forgotten "arguments" are recalled once used for the twelve-hour day and against safety appliances on the railroads.

**A**S sure as night follows the day, comes the other phase of the situation:

Radicalism is spreading among these workers. Radical agitators are not slow to make effective use of bad working or living conditions and the unjust treatment accorded to Spanish-speaking beet workers.

While we oppose radicalism, our committee has never counseled repressive measures, neither have we preached patience to these victims of established abuses; but we have cried out and will continue to cry out against the unjust conditions that create radicalism.

No words could show more plainly where the Church stands, as a middle between two extremes: extremes, however, that strangely meet, as they did last week, when the Capitalist and the Communist joined hands over the vodka and caviar in the mahogany-paneled diners bequeathed by dead Czarist Russia: a meal to which the "workers" were apparently not invited.

**P**ROGRESSIVE legislation, so-called, is to make glad the hearts of the "liberal" members of the party of ninety-nine touring Russia after they have been cheered by the above-mentioned delicacies: "progressive" legislation on such matters as the family, marriage, divorce, birth control, legalized abortion, etc. They will

find out, as Mr. Julius Holzberg points out in the *Nation* for June 19, that "the divorce rate is from 100 to 200 per cent higher in Moscow and Leningrad than in the American cities"; and that "the high rate of divorce is taking place mainly in the large cities where Soviet philosophy has most effectively reached the population." Also that "in Leningrad and Moscow there is from three to nearly five times the percentage of divorces in the first year of married life, while the percentage between one year to nine is about the same as in America."

"What the future will be, in either country," concludes Mr. Holzberg, "cannot be foreseen." Or: is this kind of "progress" really progress? Is there *but one real progress*, based on the fruitful, truly "progressive" laws of God? Surely actual dying-out is not progress. Yet the Bureau of the Census of the Department of Commerce gives the following deduction from its statistics of births and deaths in forty-six States of the Union for the year 1928:

The birth rate for 1928 shows a decrease from 1927, the percentages per 1,000 population being 19.7 and 20.7, respectively. The highest birth rate in 1928—27.5 per 1,000 population, is claimed by North Carolina, and the lowest, 14.4, is credited to the State of Washington. . . . The percentage of births per 1,000 population in the State of New York for 1928 was 19.3 as against 19.9 in 1927.

The real bearing of the words "Liberal" and "Tory," as applied to human lives, was shown by Father Karl J. Alter of Toledo, O., in his reply to Heywood Broun's plea that the furtherance of birth control would prove a cure for poverty.

You yourself have pointed out one of the answers to this argument when you call attention to the fact that the State should bend its efforts toward abolishing poverty by economic and social adjustments, rather than by aiding dissemination of birth-control information. You observe that this statement is somewhat sophistical in your opinion. May I ask in what the sophistry consists?

Are you, a Liberal, going to become a Tory and advocate that the State should adopt a policy of adjusting human beings to economic conditions instead of the reverse, namely adjusting economic and social conditions to the need of human beings? In which direction does progress lie for the great bulk of mankind?

Let us hope that a truly "liberal" and a truly "progressive" solution, because truly "Catholic," will be found for labor in Colorado and elsewhere; that we may "go to the root of the matter," as Gladstone wrote of the Irish famine.

#### DAISIES AT DAWN

They marched so steadily forward,  
To meet the advance of the sun;  
Those regiments, armored and visored,  
Like soldiers, every one.

Formation they had, and morale,  
Accoutred in sureness of youth;  
They bore their frail banners bright-blazoned  
With escutcheons as golden as truth.

And, meeting the sun at close quarters,  
What a battle of beauty was hurled,  
Through that soundless clashing of colors,  
On a waking world!

J. CORSON MILLER.



## Literature

## The Charm of Alice Meynell's Poetry

HELAN MAREE TOOLE

THE poetry of Alice Meynell has a perennial charm, a charm which lies in the rhythmical revelation of her universe of thought. She permits one to go a certain distance into this realm, then becomes

. . . like silence unperplexed  
A secret and a mystery  
Between one footfall and the next.

Very often this self-erected obstruction is translucent and not transparent. Consequently the lure of the unknown augments the explorer's zest to penetrate the barrier and discover the inner meaning of the poet's soul. This search for a secret, intangible entrance accelerates and energizes one's mind.

In this universe of thought one finds religious meditations, poetic fancies, and war reflections. A penchant for mysticism and the development of these higher faculties appears as the purpose of her life in many of the reticent, religious lyrics. "The Young Neophyte," written after Alice Meynell's conversion, dedicates her fields when spring is gray

I seal my love to be, my folded art.  
I light the tapers at my head and feet,  
And lay the crucifix on this silent heart.

The spiritual landscape of "Christ in the Universe" is illimitable. A self-enforced perpetual discipline keeps her imagination within fixed boundaries. Nevertheless, this cogitative poem embodies strange and beautiful thoughts expressed lyrically and symmetrically. The stars of the firmament have never learned of Christ's visit to the earth nor of the shamefast, heart-shattering history of "His way with us." She thought of Christ peregrinating the whole universe and preaching His gospel in the realms of the Pleiades, the Lyre and the Bear. The earth is revealed as the triumphant planet in a stanza of sustained power and exquisite beauty,

O be prepared, my soul.  
To read the inconceivable, to scan  
The million forms of God those stars unroll  
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

An austere self-control in seeking a communication and union of her soul with God by means of contemplation causes Alice Meynell to accept with humility the denial of a vision,

"You never attained to Him?" "If to attain  
Be to abide, then that may be."  
"Endless the way, followed with how much pain!"  
"The way was He."

The poems of the Mass are resonant with the enchanting music of the Gregorian chant. "The Lord's Prayer," inspired by *audemus dicere Pater Noster* during the canon of the Mass, guides to a wider enterprise than the human daily reiteration of the Our Father, namely, "Courage, mankind! Restore Him what is His."

"The Unknown God" and "The General Communion" may be termed Eucharistic hymns. In "The Unknown God" is the hushed solemnity of the Com-

munion and the subsequent thanksgiving. One who had just received the Host returned and prayed, kneeling near the poet's side. The latter meditated on the strife and calmness of the stranger's life, feeling that He was "alive within this life" and "lonely conscience." Growing introspective, she pleads:

Christ in His unknown heart,  
His intellect unknown—this love, this art,  
This battle and this peace, this destiny  
That I shall never know, look upon me!

This devout prayer increases in intensity and fervent ardor. Christ in His numbered breath, His beating heart, His death and mystery is asked to give her grace from His separate dwelling and secret place. A pensive poise and more detached mood colors "A General Communion." She always perceived the spirit and separated selves as alone and isolated. In this poem the same attitude prevails. At the Communion time a throng of devout people are struck apart "soul from human soul" as each absorbs the Host. Finally, the group appears as a field of flowers grown at a tremendous price:

A thousand single central daisies they,  
A thousand of the one;  
For each, the entire monopoly of day;  
For each, the whole of the devoted sun.

Two short lyrics are remotely Eucharistic. "The Fugitive" was occasioned by the flaunting statement of a French publicist, *Nous avons chassé ce Jésus Christ*. Her poetic mind sees Christ fled from the ingrate heart and the garrulous-tongued street but not from the country where the thousand hills of wheat are ripening nor from the land of the vineyards,

Hunted, He never will escape  
The flesh, the blood, the sheaf, the grape,  
That feeds His man the bread, the wine.

A tender spirit dominates "In Portugal 1912." This stirring lyric laments the neglect of Christ in the villages and towns. But patiently the lonely unconsecrated Host waits in the cornlands "bright in His sun, dark in His frost." At the merry board the unsacrificed Victim hides in ambush and

The mill conceals the harvest's Lord,  
The wine press holds the unbidden Christ.

"I Am the Way" reveals her disciplined zeal and sincere mystic interpretation with a pellucid, studied simplicity;

Thou are the Way.  
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,  
I cannot say  
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

As a "child of process," Alice Meynell reprimands the people of her time in a mellow rather than a caustic manner,

I'll not reproach  
The road that winds, my feet that err,  
Access, Approach  
Art Thou, Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

Her ardent admiration for seventeenth-century poetry may have inspired the deliberate, subtle, spiritual paradoxes. The paradoxical stream flows through her world of thought, particularly the religious with no torrential current nor flare of grandeur. It moves serenely, com-

pactly, reticently and intellectually, transcending space to join a supreme paradox.

In the universe of religious meditations, Alice Meynell's heart has thoughts which flee to the silent world and other summers, "with wings that dip beyond the silver seas." This is the fragile beauty of an "Advent Meditation," a beauty which is simple and vivid. The Lord's coming was not a period of glory nor of fear,

Sweet summer and the winter wild,  
These brought him forth, the Undefined.  
The happy Spring renewed again  
His daily bread, the growing grain,  
The food and raiment of the Child.

"Unto Us a Son Is Given" depicts the Infant of mankind as "new every year," "new born and newly dear." Her lofty thought is mirrored in "The Crucifixion" and "The Divine Privilege." Only One has ever explored the deep, unfathomable sea of spiritual sorrow and corporeal pain and He alone has the supreme privilege of being the Sacrificed. "To the Mother of Christ the Son of Man," one of her last religious lyrics, is profound, complex and uttered with the quiet power of Cardinal Newman.

"San Lorenzo's Mother," written in the poet's youth, is poignantly alive with salient beauty, a glowing ardor, and vibrant with the sacrifice of the saint's mother, whose son had entered a cloister. When many years later one of his Order came begging for alms "for another Child Divine," the mother torn between hope and doubt that he was her son, did not ask but filled his purse, kissed his beads and "lost his echoing feet forever." The sad mother's musing is strong and consistent. It is not merely Catholic in its conception but universal.

There is One alone who cannot change;  
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;  
And all I give is given to One.  
I might mistake my dearest son,  
But never the Son who cannot change.

The poems in the fold of spiritual contemplation are vitally and gravely invigorating. They are permeated with the exquisite ethereal beauty of a high-minded woman whose highest ambition was to lead a holy life in the world.

Another aspect of Alice Meynell is revealed in her poetic fancies. These are placed in a landscape of "wide thought wildernesses" where there is vague reality, mysterious certainty and the strange truth of her guesses. The secret of these flashing lyrics is hidden in her great dark eyes, while she wanders in a gray time that encloses June and the wild hedge roses. Often toward night, with a purpose in her heart, she mused upon a dusky height between two stars.

This English woman believes herself a poet of one mood in all her lays, ranging all life to sing one love. She moves like a west wind across the world sweeping along a "harp of floods" and making the earth answer her art and sweet monotonous meanings. In the "Song of Derivations" one may interpret Alice Meynell as the blossom of an hour or the stream that flows in distant hills, while down the plain her channel fills with the meeting of forgotten snows. Before this life began, the com-

pact and melodious "Thoughts in Separation," "Renouncement," "Beloved" and other happy lyric songs of this poetic genius awoke long ago and far apart,

Heavily on this little heart.  
Presses this immortality.

In treating her unconscious formulation of poetry she appears during life as "a poet, waking, sleeping" and yet will die a poet unaware. "Unlinked" shows that through her many indifferent, scattered and unlinked works her rhymes shall ring. In spite of this statement, Alice Meynell is always a meticulous artist.

In later life she found poetry lurking in the mathematical regularities of verse. There are "redundant syllables of summer rain," "displaced accents of authentic spring," "spondaic clouds," and "dactyls on the wing." These laws of verse, strengthened by time and use, resemble the "rooted liberty of flowers" in the breeze. Noble, grave measures are unknown in classic Italy and France. The clear, succinct lines of "The English Metres" summarize her point of view. The natural predilection of her analytical, crystal-clear mind was certain, regular meters. She revered them as is evident in the one hundred and forty pages of her poetry.

A third aspect of Alice Meynell is shown in her war reflections. They are always puissant if not thoroughly convincing. One observes in many of her poems a dignified silence, an aloof manner and a cold reticence. But the choked stream of emotion and sympathy pours out in a steady stream of understanding in the effective "A Father of Women." One finds in the serious, thoughtful "Summer in England 1914" a sharp contrast between the serene beauty of England with its prosperous crops, blooming flowers, flourishing birds, thriving flocks and the merciless, scarred battlefields where armies were shattered continually. "Length of Days," dedicated to the early dead in battle is one of her most subtle paradoxes, treating the relation of the human spirit to time. The theme of unselfish sacrifice in war time is also expressed in the short lyric, "Lord I Owe Thee a Death." With a constant understanding and an appreciation of American assistance she wrote "In Honour of America 1917." This and "The Shepherdess" are among her best-known works. Neither is genuinely Meynellian, but rather sporadic.

The poetic technique necessary to reveal Alice Meynell's universe of thought adds to her perennial charm. She possesses the seriousness prescribed by Aristotle, the romantic inclinations of Shelley and Keats, the power of Cardinal Newman, all tempered by a classical restraint. She inherited the musical skill of her mother which is evident in the limpid, rhythmical arrangement of her lyrics. As a poet, this English woman is never gayly careless, although one notices that in the later poems there is not the same "elastic tunefulness" and consummate perfection as in the youthful efforts. Her precise diction resulted from a scientific sense of word values and a study of their shades of meaning. She uses common English words to say uncommon things. One never meets an outlandish or artificial phrase. Alice Meynell has a marked preference for certain words and their



accompanying images as "grey," "silence," "wild," and the "sea." The thoughtful "grey" figures more in her early poems probably on account of the viewpoint of youth. Her conception of silence and an unceasing search for it straying "amongst the winds, between the voices" may be her own silence unvexed and unperplexed returning in all the pauses of her breath. She sang praises of any admired object by calling it "wild," which meant the lonely and the capricious found in the uncultivated flowers, the west wind, and the thrush.

The melodious portrayal of Alice Meynell's universe will always have a compelling, indefinable charm.

## REVIEWS

**A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction.** Edited by the RT. REV. MSGR. JOHN HAGAN. Four volumes. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$22.50.

Here is a practically complete library covering the Creed, the Commandments, the Sacraments, prayer and the various virtues and vices, that is bound to prove a great help to the busy pastor who must habitually prepare Sunday instructions for his flock. They should also be serviceable for lay folk who desire an exposition of their Faith which is not too technical. In these books Msgr. Hagan has edited and adapted the instructions of the zealous eighteenth century Milanese preacher, Father Angelo Raineri. By way of introduction, the history of the Roman Catechism and the Catechism of Pius X, that serve as the background of the instructions, is interestingly told, and at the beginning of each chapter the parts referring to the subject matter in hand are given. The instructions are arranged in orderly fashion and expressed in clear, simple language, with practical applications suggested. Their dogmatic and moral lessons are habitually authenticated by copious quotations from Holy Scripture and the Fathers. Theological niceties and controversial discussions are generally eschewed, and fanciful and obsolete hypotheses about the interpretation of dogma, which clutter up so many treatises, are omitted. Prepared abroad, naturally the treatment of many moral and devotional problems will have to be adjusted by the preacher to local conditions. Moreover, the volumes indicate that the manuscript was written many years ago, and in many places, especially in the treatment of positive ecclesiastical laws, advantage is not taken of the New Code regulations, which is a serious drawback. Likewise, where statistics and illustrations are used, many of them are out of date. It is regrettable, too, that no general reference index is included. These, however, are relatively minor defects in comparison with the advantages that the volumes have.

W. I. L.

**Mediaeval Culture: an Introduction to Dante and his Times.** Two Volumes. By KARL VOSSLER, translated into English by Professor WILLIAM C. LAWTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$8.00.

The title of this work is sufficiently pretentious to arouse great expectations in the prospective purchaser. The brief outline on the jacket is calculated to heighten this expectation. We quote: "There are five parts: (1) A survey of religious ideas to the time of Dante; (2) A sketch of ancient and mediaeval philosophy; (3) A history of classical and mediaeval ideals in ethics and political thought; (4) A summary of the previous literary cultures of the Western world; and finally (5) A critical and aesthetical discussion of the Divine Comedy as a whole and in its various parts. An extensive bibliography of the subject has been prepared specially for these volumes by J. E. Spingarn at the author's request." Let us discharge this last by saying that though not perfect, it is admirable and cannot but prove useful to any student of Dante and his age in any stage of the study. It is easily the most commendable thing in the two volumes. Of the fifth part which occupies the second half of Volume II it may be said with perfect honesty that if it adds nothing monumental to

the sum total of literary criticism, it is sane without being cold, reveals the general culture and refinement of its compiler and is throughout as sympathetic as could be expected from one of the intellectual formation and equipment of Professor Vossler. The fourth part, devoted to pre-Dantean literature, is informing, suggestive and altogether readable. It is the previous parts of this work which are open to the severest criticism and which detract most from its value as a whole. Let us here remark that the inverted order we are following in this criticism is the one suggested by the author in his preface as being best suited for one as yet unfamiliar with the poem as a whole, because the previous parts suppose such a familiarity. Turning now to the first volume, we are treated first to ten pages on the kinship of Goethe's "Faust" and the "Divine Comedy," a kinship which seems to us forced and existent mainly, if not solely, in Vossler's mind. The above-mentioned "survey of religious ideas to the time of Dante" is marred, and that fundamentally, by a squint in the mental eye of the surveyor whose ideas on religious origins and growth are those of the once formidable higher critical school in which the author made his early studies. The portion devoted to a sketch of ancient and mediaeval philosophy shows a sad lack of accurate knowledge or even understanding of mediaeval philosophy. This lack evidently must show up throughout the pages devoted to "a history of classical and mediaeval ideals in ethics and political thought." In a word, the scope of this work is simply beyond the attainments and training if not beyond the mental capacity of the man who has undertaken it. Learning and taste and even religious feeling of a sort he undoubtedly has, but the religious feeling is that of a school or rather of a sect utterly at variance with the great medievalist, the taste is discolored by the religiosity, and the learning fails to cover the field.

M. J. McN.

**The History of Nursing.** By JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.00.

In the compiling of the details of the progress of modern philanthropy and welfare work by "non-sectarian" recorders scant justice, if there is any mention at all, is done to the Catholic institutions and those who manage them. It is largely our own fault, however, for we have been persistently negligent of the value of the statistical information that is so important a factor in the "literature" intended to interest the public. In Dr. Walsh a sympathetic and efficient historian tells how, since the primitive Christian times, the Church and her children, especially those banded together in the Religious Communities, labored in the corporal works of mercy that brought aid and comfort to their afflicted brethren. Monastic medicine and nursing; the mediaeval hospitals and the nursing Orders, and nursing in America since Cortes, in 1554, founded the first hospital, are all specially noted. There are now 652 hospitals in the United States under the care of Catholic Sisters and many of them were flourishing before Florence Nightingale or Clara Barton were ever heard of. Dr. Walsh relates the development of modern medicine, surgery and trained nursing in the United States without too much technical detail and with that interesting touch that has made his books so popular with the general reader. Historical students may regret that he has not supplied an index for his pages.

T. F. M.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Historical Studies.**—The July issue of the review published by the Illinois Catholic Historical Society appears with the new title *Mid-America* and under the editorial direction of the Rev. Gilbert J. Garraghan, S. J. The publication is in its twelfth year and purposes to serve the region between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains as an organ of Catholic history. The notable papers in this number are: "The Political Regime of the French in the Valley of the Mississippi" by Mother Louise Callan, R. S. C. J.; a story of New York's first Catholic weekly, the *Truth Teller*, by Rev. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C.; "On the Study of Place Names" by Rev. John W. Rothsteiner; "Two Pioneer Indiana Priests" by Rt. Rev. Francis S. Holweck, and a continuation of the history of "The American Federation of Catholic Societies" by Anthony Matre.

**Hobbies and Near-Hobbies.**—Neal S. Whisenhunt is a man with a hobby. "The Call of the Wild and the Farm" (Christopher Publishing House. \$2.00) is a bit of propaganda to invite the attention of the public to that hobby. A lover of sport and of nature, the author believes that sportsmen and farmers should organize a protective league to establish and maintain a more cordial and co-operative spirit between the landowner and the hunter or fisherman. To stimulate interest in this movement his little volume offers a variety of desultory thoughts on fish, game, and kindred topics. It is an appeal for conserving our forests, streams, and wild life, and contains a fund of information on birds and beasts and marine life, plentifully illustrated, and with two plates in colors of the more predatory birds and animals.

Another writer with a hobby, though it takes a more practical turn, is William J. Cavanagh. As instructor in boxing at the United States Military Academy, West Point, he has gathered together some directions for those interested in the sport, under the title "Instructions in Boxing" (West Point. \$2.00). Much attention is given especially to outlining a course in mass boxing, though individual training is in no sense neglected. The book, whose lessons are accompanied by a great many illustrations, will appeal to instructors and those for whom the manly sport has some attraction. The author makes it clear that boxing is a science that demands strength, skill, endurance, and character; that it is more than a game, and though looked upon a generation or two ago as nothing but a contest of brute strength, has today come into its own as an honorable amusement.

Congested American cities have admittedly lost many of the charms associated with domestic life. Withal, however, there are still housewives who are not forgetting the traditional rules of social life and continue meticulous about the hospitality they show their guests. Dining-room conventions are especially a subject of concern for such women. They will find the etiquette of meal time quite minutely detailed for them in "Table Setting and Service for Mistress and Maid" (Boston: M. Barrows Company. \$2.25) by Della Thompson Lutes. It will relieve hostesses of many worries not only for the directions it gives about the propriety of table adornment and service, the value of which is enhanced by accompanying illustrations, but also by furnishing them, ready-made, a great many menu plans. The book includes a long list of culinary terms and some useful general information on the correct use of chinaware, silver, flowers, linens, etc.

**Studies for Nurses.**—Reprinting for the most part articles which have appeared in publications of the type of *Hospital Progress*, dealing with various phases of the theory and practise of nursing, especially its religious and professional idealism, the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., offers in "The Soul of the Hospital" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Company. \$1.50) thoughts and suggestions which hospital workers and all those concerned about the care of the sick will read with profit and edification. Father Garesché writes in an easy conversational style and has always something stimulating to offer the reader. The chapters "Guiding the Patients' Thoughts" and "The Function of Books in the Hospital" are especially practical. Allowances must be made for a certain amount of repetition in the volume occasioned by the fact that the various papers being written for different magazines often overlapped in content.

In "The Nurse in Public Health" (Harper. \$3.50), Mary Beard discusses out of her long experience with public health nursing service a number of the problems usually met with in administering the work of public health nurses. Contemporary interest in the physical improvement in rural communities especially has made the work of the public health nurse one of the important branches of preventive medicine. In 1928 there were more than 4,000 public health nursing organizations in the United States employing over 12,000 nurses. The history of the movement is sketched not only in the United States but in England and on the Continent as well. Not all that Miss Beard allows or advocates in her volume will be unqualifiedly accepted and subscribed to by her readers. Nevertheless, there is much information in the book for those whose duty makes them responsible for

the improvement of public health. The final chapter of the volume splendidly summarizes its entire content.

**Foreign Pilgrimages.**—With the help of their aunt, Clara E. Laughlin, Betty and Mary, whom boys and girls have followed with pleasure in their travel experiences through Italy, Switzerland and Scandinavia, will find even more fascinating adventures in their newest narrative, "Where It All Comes True in France" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50). With its antiquity and romance the country offers plenty of material for enjoyment and sight-seeing and the volume is rich in historical and biographical data, along with a goodly amount of quaint information that must appeal to the young. Paris and Versailles, Rouen and Orleans, and the towns that became famous in the World War are visited and their treasures unfolded. Lafayette and Villon, Napoleon and Marie Antoinette, Jeanne d'Arc and Guynemer, Richard the Lion Heart and King Arthur have their stories told in the course of a narrative which young people are bound to enjoy. It is regrettable that here and there a bit of racial or religious animus is allowed to creep into its telling. For all that, Aunt Nannie is doing a good work for her youthful readers.

"Our Little Chilean Cousin" (L. C. Page. \$1.00) is another of the attractive volumes that Anna Winlow has prepared for young readers to familiarize them with foreign customs and peoples. Introduced here to a group of five little Chileans who live in an interesting hacienda, the readers, following their games and adventures, come to know their habits of life and to learn something of the country's geographical, social, economic, and biological features. Little ones who enjoy romance and adventure will follow the story with eager interest.

A handbook for the American on a visit to England, calling particular attention to the spots that may be of chief interest to him, has been prepared by A. Manly Lloyd under the caption, "Notes on American Shrines in England" (London: Talbot and Company. 50c.). The data is collated according to geographical locations, which has advantages for the traveller, but for the most part it is too succinct to be of practical value for those who are not already intimately acquainted with both English and American history, and especially with the men and women of colonial days of English ancestry.

**More World's Classics.**—The largest group of volumes appearing in the World's Classics series (Oxford University Press. 80c. each) includes a number of old-time volumes which, despite the output of contemporary publications, have not lost their interest for the story reader. Thus there are the two volumes of Anthony Trollope, "Cousin Henry" and "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," both interesting pictures of English country life; "Joseph Andrews," the first novel of Henry Fielding, in part a parody of his contemporary, Richardson, and in part done after the manner of Cervantes; "A Sentimental Journey" by Laurence Sterne, a succession of reflective portraits, for the most part light and witty, evoking various emotions and fitted for different moods; Lord Lytton's fantastic stories "The Coming Race" and "The Haunters and the Haunted" combined into a single volume; "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," an interesting authentic account of one of the early nineteenth century's popular authors; and William Congreve's drama "The Mourning Bride," along with other of his "Poems and Miscellanies." In addition, there is the intriguing sketch by John Thomas Smith, "Nollekens and His Times," a candid account of the great sculptor; Lady Duff Gordon's translation from the German of W. Meinhold "The Amber Witch," a story of witchcraft set in the background of the Thirty Years' War and with a noticeable Protestant tang; John Bunyan's moral treatise, "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman"; and a translation of "The Koran" by E. H. Palmer. With few exceptions the volumes are introduced by essays from various pens, several of them as interesting and instructive as the stories which they prelude. Those familiar with the history of literature will anticipate that some of these writers have not lost with time a reputation for a certain amount of religious bigotry and for offending against the laws of decency.



**Murder at Bratton Grange. Class Reunion. Convent Tales. Grim Vengeance. Tomahawk Rights.**

The apparently perfect crime is once more foiled in the story that John Rhode tells in "Murder at Bratton Grange" (Dodd, Mead. \$2.00). A London business man is found dead under extraordinary circumstances. Suspicion as usual centers on several persons, and ultimately, by elimination, on the decedent's cousin, who is the chief gainer by his taking off. Though the proofs of guilt seem conclusive to Scotland Yard, the defense springs a sensational surprise at the trial. How the prosecution met it, and the aftermath, make a clever denouement. However, while the plot is interesting, some phases in its unraveling are altogether flat, and exception must be taken to a few of the moral principles not merely enunciated by the leading characters but actually justified.

When Herr Franz Josef Adler is brought before Dr. Ernst Sebastian for his preliminary examination on a murder charge something in the prisoner arouses in the judge latent memories that are stimulated by a reunion that evening of a group of his old school-fellows. In consequence he is convinced that the prisoner is one for whose ruin he himself is personally responsible, since he recalls that through boyish jealousy he helped to start him on his downward course. How his mind works under this conviction is the content of Franz Werfel's "Class Reunion" (Simon and Shuster. \$2.00), translated by Whittaker Chambers. Though well written, there is little in it to stimulate, and it belongs rather to the case histories that are the specialty of the psychopathic clinic than on a fiction shelf. Most people are so sick with the sordid realities of life that they look for more romance in their leisure reading than Franz Werfel offers, however cleverly he dresses his thoughts.

In introducing "Convent Tales" (Macmillan) by a Religious of St. Peter's Community, Kilburn, Sheila Kaye-Smith is quite correct in noting that the little collection of stories which the volume contains clearly indicates the social value of convent and monastic life. The eight sketches that are here brought together, though written on an Anglican background, make edifying reading even for Catholics. The content is varied, their applications pointed, and all are made to touch the supernatural very closely. The authoress shows a keen knowledge of human nature and a religious idealism that adds force to the unpointed lessons her stories carry.

There are the usual properties of the murder-mystery type in the story which J. J. Connington very properly calls "Grim Vengeance" (Little, Brown. \$2.00). There are three murders, a group of foreigners engaged in the white-slave traffic, the inevitable blundering police and the indispensable clever detective. Sir Clinton Duffield arrives home just in time to rescue his niece from a life of shame, to expose the plans of the wily Argentinians, and to solve a triple mystery which had ingeniously reduced the possibilities of detection to a minimum. Sir Clinton is no stranger to readers of Mr. Connington's other stories. But his readers will find this offering a bit less satisfying than some of his earlier ventures that were so popular into the realm of mystery.

The famous Indian chief, Tecumseh, shares the stage with Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark in the account which Hal Evarts gives of frontier days when the Kentucky pioneers acquired land by marking the trees with a tomahawk. This custom gives the title of "Tomahawk Rights" (Little, Brown. \$2.00) to a record of some exciting incidents which crowded the years just preceding the Revolution to the crossing of the Father of Waters. Rodney Buckner, captured by the Shawnees and adopted by an Indian family, even when returned to white civilization does not forget the little girl, a captive like himself, whom the Indians call White Fawn. But the romantic element in the story is slender indeed compared to the prominence given to night attacks, scouting parties, hand-to-hand combats and a great deal of scalping. Those who care for frontier warfare will find Mr. Evart's story an unusually good specimen of this type, with all the coloring that makes the edges of civilization fascinating and attractive.

**Communications**

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

**Church Music and the Laity**

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am entirely in accord with all the views expressed by Father LaFarge several months ago in his article, "The Pope's Encyclical on Sacred Music" (AMERICA, March 30), except with his last one—expressed, however, in a somewhat humorous vein—the proposal to place the "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name" under lock and key for ten years, and replace same with a Gregorian "Te Deum Laudamus." However, he invites discussion.

I am not against an *attempt*. But this attempt must consist in an almost daily lesson for some several years, before anything more than a decent rendition of the Ordinary may be attempted, and this only with those pretty well instructed.

Of this instruction there has to be no end, and the only change of task may be a greater intensity and care, corresponding with the difficulty of holding together a united group of those faithful singers. If artistic heights are to be approached, the boys leaving school should be kept on the beaten track as well as their love for this occupation will permit. Without this love and interest, it is impossible to keep them; with it, remarkable results may be obtained under a competent instructor. . . .

As to the history of the participation of the people in the liturgy, the greatest obstacles to it, and causes of its end, were: (1) ignorance of the liturgical language; (2) development of the art of singing within the schola cantorum. This was in the West, in the churches of the Roman rite. The time when the people's sharing in the liturgical service began to decline is given as about the seventh century.

The silence of the people is, then, a fact of very long standing. This participation, besides, did not go very far: Kyrie, Sanctus, Agnus Dei. Even the Gloria, it is said, was also simple enough to enable the people to sing it.

What is absolutely necessary is that the people, according to the words of our Holy Father Pius XI, should at least finish the oration of the priest with an *Amen* of their own, and return his greeting: *Dominus vobiscum*, with their answer: *Et cum spiritu tuo*. This would be enough for the beginning.

Chicago.

(REV.) ALOYS MERGL.

**Fancy . . . Fact . . . Truth**

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have just read Mary H. Kennedy's refreshing "All Upon a Summer's Morning," in the issue of AMERICA for July 27. The lines especially pleased me in which she tells of a worried, distracted Catholic mother who said: "It ['The Hound of Heaven'] always carries me through . . . when the facts of life and its realities are too much for me." Philosophizing, Miss Kennedy goes on: "Maybe there's a tip here . . . for our literary providers . . . so many folk crave other than facts in their reading matter."

I dislike extremely to disagree with Miss Kennedy. But she has set me thinking—high compliment!—and I believe we shall end our discussion in agreement.

Many folks, so it seems to me, like the wise little, brave little mother, to whom Thompson brought peace (by deep truth, was it not? since real poetry is deepest truth) crave *facts, truths, realities*; the realest realities most of all. God made us that way, blessed be His gracious love! Elementally, we have only two really necessary cravings—for truth, for love. Ultimately, these are cravings for God who made us in His love for Himself, for He is Truth essential and Love eternal.

The petty facts are what irk our souls. Like a traveler, whose eyes are strained and tired from following a white stone path or a sandy trail, finds rest in gazing on far hills, we seek repose from pressing and inconsequential things by sinking ourselves into such facts and truths as alone count. But it is not exactly a turning

from fact to fancy, is it? Isn't it rather a turning from little truths to great? Our very material faculty of imagination will be rested, if the truths be pleasingly and fancifully clothed; but our souls crave for truest truths and highest realities.

Much of the absence of peace, much of the weary restlessness, the dreary unhappiness which surrounds and penetrates the lives of so many young Americans, even Catholics, it seems to me, are due to the studied turning aside from considering our loveliest truths. "With desolation is the world made desolate because no one considereth in his heart."

It's truth we want and love. We of the Catholic Faith are prodigally rich in both. I remember reading in the *Irish Monthly*, while Father Matthew Russell was still its editor, a paper by a Catholic woman on the beautiful thoughts and fancies of her guarded Catholic girlhood. There was her practice of slipping her rosary over her head at night and dropping into the deep mystery of sleep "in the arms of our Blessed Mother." Beautiful but fanciful. The truth was inexpressibly more beautiful. She fell into the mystery of sleep really in the arms of her very God, sustained with a care and love of which mother love is simply the sweetest image that God can paint for us in such gross matter as human nature. "Arms of God"—fanciful, of course, but the truth is unspeakably lovelier than the fancy; arms not about us but through and within and wholly pervading us. It is sweet to think that a provident mother who is also a queen might place a very watchful nurse and sturdy man-at-arms by the bedside of even a child. God gives us, honestly and really, an angel.

Not so long ago I read a book which begins with a story. The daughter of a royal ruler of France petulantly addressed her governess: "Do you forget that I am the daughter of your king?" To whom the governess: "And do you forget that I am the daughter of your God?" The king's daughter had happily learned reflection. She was instantly subdued by the realization of the Divine origin and destiny of the humblest of God's children.

You remember how the Apostles watched Our Blessed Lord pray, and thought Him strong so and contentedly happy so. The natural desires of their hearts rose to their lips: "Lord, teach us to pray." They waited, expecting perchance the blessed Christ to lift them up to God and Heaven. Instead He said the words, the deepest and the tenderest in human language—and the least understood: "Our Father." He did not lift them up to Heaven. He opened their souls' eyes to see the all-pervading, all-contenting love and care of God, in the shade of whose shoulders they unceasingly rested.

With a little work—for thought is work—a little realizing, and especially a vivid recalling of the where and the when and the why and the how and such, of the giving of the Lord's Prayer, even the dullest of us must begin dimly to understand why St. Teresa reveled in it and filled a thirsting soul with the nectar of its first two words: "Our Father."

So I must slightly differ (isn't it rather agreement with a distinction?) from Miss Kennedy. Many folks, thousands in reality, crave *other facts* (facts being truths) and not "other than facts" in their reading matter.

St. Louis.

IGNATIUS M. GABRIEL.

#### Mark Twain's Religion

To the Editor of AMERICA:

With regard to Mark Twain's religious feelings, here is a personal experience that may be interesting. I met Mr. Clemens at the close of a public meeting about twenty years ago, and we talked of Mother Alphonsa, the foundress of the Servants of Relief for the care of the destitute poor suffering from incurable cancer. He was very much interested in her work. I mentioned that I had recently been lecturing for her benefit on Joan of Arc and that I had been greatly indebted to his biography of the Maid. He said that he had met the Cardinal Archbishop of Orleans and the Cardinal had assured him that the Maid would surely get him into heaven for the life of her that he had written. Mark Twain's reply was, it seems to me, characteristic: "I hope so, for I certainly would not want to be anywhere that her enemies were."

In gathering material for a biography of Mother Alphonsa I

found a letter from Mr. Clemens to her in which he said: "I have known about this lofty work of yours since long ago, indeed from the day you began it; I have known of its steady growth and progress step by step to this present generous development and assured position among those benefactions to which the reverent homage of all creeds and colors is due: I have seen it rise from seedling to tree with no endowment but the voluntary aid which your patient labor and faith have drawn from the purses of grateful and compassionate men; and I am glad in the prosperous issue of your work, and glad to know that this prosperity will continue and be permanent—a thing which I do know, for that endowment is banked where it cannot fail until pity fails in the hearts of men. And that will never be."

New York.

JAMES J. WALSH.

#### Mencken and Christianity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Surely Father Patterson cannot be credited with having made a great discovery in pointing out that H. L. Mencken is at heart an enemy of dogmatic religion in every form. Every issue of his *American Mercury* announces this fact and has done so either explicitly or implicitly since its inception.

It must be said, however, that the only religion he knows is the Protestant religion, largely of the Methodist, Baptist and allied brands. Against these sects he mainly directs his broadsides but what he has to say of them can be found substantially in the Definitions and Anathemas of the Church in regard to the extravagant doctrines of their founders. With considerable violence he indicates *a posteriori* what the Church has done *a priori*, namely that these doctrines are at variance with reason and Divine Revelation. I do not say that he knowingly does this or that this is his purpose, but I think an intelligent Catholic can discern this.

Father Patterson says well *non tali auxilio; nec defensoribus istis*, but then no one ever considered Mencken a Catholic apologist in any sense and I in turn offer no apology for the man. He is dangerous reading for the Catholic who does not know his religion but as Father Patterson remarks, "Catholics must sympathize with his tireless crusade against Methodist fanaticism and against 'bunk' in general." And I would add that as a magazine of humor his *Mercury* far outstrips any of the brands of stupid comedy at which the U. S. A. is supposed to laugh.

Philadelphia.

C. J. GALLAGHER.

#### Color-Blind Rats?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After Father Doyle's able paper on rat psychology, in the issue of AMERICA for August 3, perhaps any further comment on the subject would be superfluous. However, someone, somewhere, may be wondering just how the psychologists were sure that the rat, or rats, headed for the presumably white bread-box. Were the rats put through an exact test to determine whether or no they could discern between black and white? I know human beings who cannot tell green from brown.

It reminds one of the skit Miller and Lyles played in. It seems they were attempting a trans-ocean flight and their plane met with an accident. Clutching the wreckage of their plane, they immediately sized up the situation. Sharks were the main topic.

"Supposin' we ah attacked by shahks!" ventured Miller. "No! Doncha know shahks don't like dahk meat?" was the optimistic reply. "Yeah," the other rejoined, "but this shahk's liable to be cullah-blind."

How are we to know that these rats were color-conscious?

West Orange, N. J.

W. J. ROONEY.

[In answer to the above query, Father Doyle supplies the following quotation from Miss Williams' report of her procedure: "The criterion . . . was eight correct choices out of ten on each of three successive days; but if this criterion was reached before the twelfth day, the training was continued until that day. Thus . . . the minimum number of trials given to any rat was 120. Many rats failed to meet the criterion within twelve days." (1) For further details the reader is referred to Miss Williams' study, procurable from the University of California Press, Berkeley, Calif.—Ed. AMERICA.]